WESTERN EDITION

NOTICE TO READER: When you finish reading this magazine place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers and sailors destined to proceed overseas. NO WRAPPING—NO ADDRESS. A. S. BURLESON, Postmaster-General.

October 1918 THE Twenty Cents

RED CROSS

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THE DOCTORS IN ACTION. By Woods Hutchinson

FIGHTING ACROSS THE CONTINENT. By William G. Sh

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Borden's

THE NATION'S MILK

The Country Came to Town

Not so many years ago herds of cattle were driven through city streets; and housewives waited for their milk supply to be drawn from cows in front of their homes.

Imagine that today—a herd of cows ambling down Fifth Avenue, Michigan Boulevard, Tremont Street!

Gail Borden foresaw in 1857 the enormous value of a pure, dependable milk supply. His genius made possible the preservation of milk—to his vision is due the distribution of Borden Milk Products the world over.

Wherever milk is needed—for babies, for the table, for cooking—there is a Borden product, pure in quality and convenient in form, backed by the Borden name. In metropolitan centers and at the out-of-the-way cross roads, grocers and druggists can provide you with Borden's Milks. They will tell you that the Borden name on milk is a guarantee of purity and quality—that Borden's is the nation's milk.

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK COMPANY New York

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Americans To Be Proud Of

By a Red Cross Man in France

TWO things to-day in France have made me more proud than ever of being an American—our soldiers and our women.

I have just returned from a visit to the American sector, and the thrill that I experienced at seeing our fighting men will live forever in my memory. Big, strong, well disciplined, their faces tanned a deep brown by the sun, they look every inch the soldiers that they are. They wear an air of grave determination that shows, more plainly than words could tell, the resolve to see this ugly business through to the end, cost what it may. But a slight twinkle in their eyes gives a hint that underneath the stern exterior the spirit of youth is not far off. Big healthy youngsters, here's to you!

And here's to our women. All over France you will find them. Mere slips of girls, barely out of their teens, driving great camions; middle-aged ladies, accustomed all their lives to luxuries, spending ten hours a day in canteen kitchens, supplying troops with hot dishes; and in the cities gray-haired women working hour after hour rolling bandages or knitting sweaters, so that our boys may lack for nothing.

Recently a woman well known in America, who has devoted all her time to relief work since the war began, was visiting a hospital. The commanding officer had sent a military car for her. She entered the car just as an ambulance filled with wounded passed by. As she noticed the thin, pale faces, tears came into her eyes. The soldier-chauffeur asked if she was ill.

"No," she said, "these are tears of gratitude and pride."

"Madame," replied the boy, simply, "if I thought that my being a soldier was worthy of but one of your tears, I should feel that I had not lived in vain."

Do you wonder that I am doubly proud of being an American?

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Published by Ed. Le Prince, Paris

"I Love You More As You Are"

From a painting by Lucien Jonas

One of the war paintings which was brought to this country by the William Sandoz Mission, and exhibited at the former home of General Cornelius Vanderbilt. The Exhibition was held to raise funds for the Committee for the Protection of French Soldiers Retired for Disability—an organization that is to care for the 400,000 French soldiers invalided home

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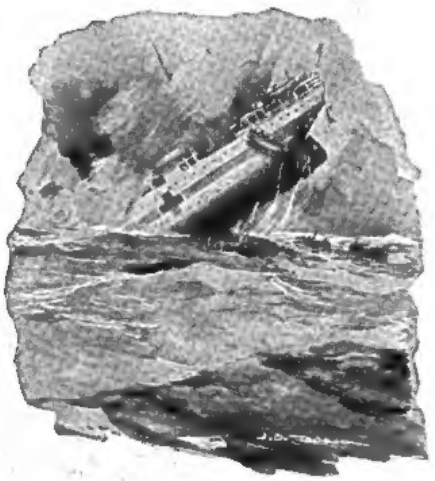

"Nice Chap, Fritz"

By Ralph E. Cropley

Illustrated by J. O. TODAHL

MR. R. E. CROPLEY, who wrote this authoritative and stirring summary of what the Germans have done to hospital ships, is a Harvard man; he comes from an old shipping family, has always been interested in the merchant marine and has agitated it for years. Mr. Cropley is a member of the Committee for Military Relief in Hospitals of the Red Cross in New York City, and gives a great deal of time to visiting the two hospitals to which he is specially delegated. Two years ago he became interested in hospital ships; he went abroad and studied them. He has gathered the material for this article from original records, from letters and documents. It is an unanswerable brief.

THE illegal and inhuman submarine warfare which Germany has waged upon merchant shipping, culminating in her savagery against hospital ships flying the Red Cross flag and otherwise acting in complete conformity with the requirements of the Hague and Geneva Conventions, has brought the world face to face with a situation unparalleled in civilization. Sinking hospital ships has no justification in any conceivable distortion of international law, nor in the most brutal creed of military necessity.

I was speaking about it to a captain of a merchant ship and asked him why he had given up command of a hospital ship—a berth which to my landsman's eyes had seemed to be the easiest

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on the sea to-day. He didn't look at me as he answered. He looked far out through his cabin port at the tower of the Woolworth Building. He finally told me that, in spite of the danger, it was easier for him to take a merchant ship or a transport through the War Zone than to have his heart torn asunder by the suffering of humanity he had seen on hospital ships: men gassed and writhing in agony; men wounded or mutilated out of sheer deviltry. Frightfulness, waste of manhood because the Kaiser wanted to dominate the world—that's what he saw on a hospital ship; and when his ship of mercy was torpedoed without warning and he managed to beach her before she sank, he simply went to pieces, as have many hospital ship commanders before him.

The sinking or destruction of an Allied hospital ship means that the Allies must replace it with a ship which has been used for carrying food and munitions. When Germany found that her submarine warfare was not succeeding as she had hoped, she commenced to lessen the tonnage of her enemies by still fouler means. To cover up her dastardly motives she officially announced:

The German Government can no longer suffer that the British Government should forward troops and munitions to the main theatre of war under cover of the Red Cross, and it therefore declares that from now on no enemy hospital ship will be allowed in the sea zone from Flamborough Head to Terschelling on the one hand, and Ushant and Land's End on the other. If in this sea zone any enemy hospital ship is encountered, it will be considered as a vessel of war and it will be attacked without further ceremony.

"A wounded Tommy limped painfully along with a Prussian officer on his arm and helped him to a boat"

And, knowing full well that no Allied hospital ship was carrying either troops, munitions or anything which it shouldn't in its garb of mercy, Germany has lessened tonnage by sinking the hospital ships *Britannic* (50,000 tons), *Braemar Castle* (11,400 tons), *Gloucester Castle* (7,999 tons), *Donegal* (1,997 tons), *Saltar* (7,284 tons), *Lanfranc* (5,275 tons), *Dover Castle* (8,260 tons), *Rewa* (7,267 tons), *Glenbart Castle* (9,000 tons), *Llandovery Castle* (10,000 tons), and others amounting to more than 200,000 tons.

On May 1, 1918, Germany officially notified the world that

American aviators are crossing to Europe as members of the Red Cross on hospital ships. This misuse of the Red Cross appears from documentary evidence found on American aviators who have been shot down. An American, brought down in the region of the army of General von Hutier, carried a pass which referred to him as a member of the American Ambulance for France.

Prisoners openly admit that it is the general practice for aviators to enter American Ambulance Service for their passage to Europe and to cross on hospital ships. After they are landed in France they immediately transfer to the automobile corps and thence into the air service.

The captured aviator referred to had, however, transferred directly from the ambulance service into the air service. Another carried a certificate in which the dates of several transfers were officially indicated.

Except for the naval hospital ship *Solace* and the hospital yacht *Surf* attached to our fleet, and two Ward liners converted into the hospital ships *Comfort* and *Mercy*, solely for the use of the Navy and, on May 1, 1918, not yet in service, the United States has had no hospital ships at all. Consequently it would be impossible for American aviators to cross on such ships, as Germany states they have. The "aviators," to whom Germany refers as having crossed to France for Red Cross work, crossed at their own expense on regular passenger ships before America entered the war, and were driving neutral ambulances. The captured American aviators Germany speaks about apparently had on them certificates for

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"The moment the torpedo struck the 'Lanfranc', many of the slightly wounded Prussians made a mad rush for the lifeboats"

services they had rendered while driving neutral American ambulances. As usual, Germany has distorted the truth so as to have an excuse for the attempts she would make to lessen the number of ships available to transport our boys overseas, because every hospital ship sunk has to be replaced with some ship in military or civil service. The unsportsmanship and dastardliness of it is on a par with the pillaging of Belgium and the burning of men at the stake on the deck of a submarine, as Germany did with four "Q-boat" crews.

The first hospital ship the Huns sank was the *Portugal*, flying the Russian flag. She was anchored off Rizeh, a Black Sea port, when on the morning of March 17, 1916, a periscope was seen approaching. The *Portugal* had no wounded on board—simply her hospital staff and her full crew. The Russian Government had notified the Central Powers that the *Portugal* was a hospital ship, and had obtained from them a recognition of her status. Of course nobody thought for one instant that the submarine would attack the *Portugal* and there was no panic until, when about two hundred feet away, the submarine fired a torpedo which missed its mark. Then the beast circled around the anchored ship of mercy and fired a second torpedo at close range. The second missile struck the *Portugal* in the engine room. There was a terrific explosion within her and the hull broke in two.

The loss of life on the *Portugal* was twenty-one nuns, who were acting as nurses; twenty-four officers of the Red Cross staff, as well as twenty-one of the Russian crew and nineteen of the French, totaling eighty-five, all of whom were ruthlessly murdered.

The big *Asturias*, commanded by Captain Laws, had her first experience with a U-boat on February 1, 1915. She was the star hospital ship of the fleet, for at that time neither the *Britannic* nor *Aquitania* was doing hospital work. Only the prompt action of the second officer, in turning the ship as he saw the torpedo coming, saved her and the scores of wounded she had on board. Having missed the *Asturias* once, the Germans kept at it till they finally got her, in March, 1917. The British Admiralty made the following announcement at that time:

The British hospital ship *Asturias*, whilst steaming with all navigating lights and with all the proper dis-

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tinguishing Red Cross signs brilliantly illuminated, was torpedoed without warning on the night of March 20-21, 1917. The torpedoing of this hospital ship is included in the list of achievements claimed by U-boats, as reported in the German wireless press message yesterday.

The *Asturias* didn't sink, although forty-three persons died in the tragedy, including two women, and thirty-nine were injured. The torpedo carried away the rudder and rendered the boat unmanageable. As she was headed for shoal water off the rocky shores of Cornwall, her Captain kept the engines going, hoping she would put herself aground some place where the wounded could be removed ere the boat sank. Luck was with him. Out of control, the *Asturias* missed a reef and beached herself on one of the few sandy beaches to be found along the Cornwall coast.

The *Asturias* was returning from France. That was a sufficient excuse to sink her—that and the fact that a ship still in trade would have to be taken and converted into a hospital ship.

Ten days later the *Gloucester Castle* was torpedoed without warning in mid-Channel. All the wounded were successfully removed from the ship and the casualties were five medical officers, nine nursing sisters, and thirty-eight Royal Army Medical Corps men. On April 11th Berlin officials published a notification that the *Gloucester Castle* was torpedoed by a U-boat, thus removing any possible doubt in the matter.

On April 17th the hospital ships *Donegal* and *Lanfranc* were sunk by U-boats. The *Donegal* carried slightly wounded cases, all British. Of these, twenty-nine men, as well as twelve of the crew, were missing and presumably drowned.

The torpedoing of the *Lanfranc* is best described in an article by a wounded officer which subsequently appeared in an English newspaper:

The *Lanfranc* was attacked by a submarine about 7:30 Tuesday evening, just as we had finished dinner. A few of us were on deck when there was a crash followed by a loud explosion. In a few minutes the engines had stopped and the *Lanfranc* appeared to be sinking rapidly, but to our surprise steadied herself. We had on board nearly two hundred wounded prisoners belonging to the Prussian Guard, and about twice as many British wounded, among them some very bad cases. The moment the torpedo struck the *Lanfranc*, many of the slightly wounded Prussians made a mad rush for the lifeboats. One of their officers came up to a boat close to which I was standing. I shouted to him to go back, whereupon he stood and scowled. "You must save us," he begged. I told him to wait his turn.

Meanwhile the crew and the staff had gone to their posts. The stretcher cases were brought on deck as quickly as possible and the first boats were lowered without delay. Help had been summoned and many vessels were hurrying to our assistance. In these moments, while wounded Tommies—many of them as helpless as little children—lay in their cots unaided, the Prussian *morale* disappeared completely. They made another crazy effort to get into a lifeboat—actually managed to crowd into one, but no sooner had it been lowered than it toppled over. The Prussians were thrown into the water and they fought with each other in order to reach another boat containing a number of gravely wounded soldiers.

I shall never forget the behavior of our own lads. Crippled as many of them were, they tried to stand at attention while the more serious cases were being looked after. One man I saw had had a leg severed and his head was heavily bandaged. He was lifting himself up a staircase by the hands, and was just as keen on summoning help for "Fritz" as on saving himself. He whistled to a mate to come and aid a Prussian who was unable to move, owing to internal injuries. Another Tommy limped painfully along with a Prussian officer on his arm and helped the latter to a boat. The crew and staff were all heroes. They remained at their posts until the last man had been taken off, and some of them removed articles of their clothing and threw them into the lifeboats for the benefit of those who were in need of warm clothing. I saw a sergeant take off his tunic and make a pillow of it for a wounded German.

In the midst of all this tragedy the element of comedy was not wanting. A cockney lad struck up a ditty and the boat's company joined in the chorus of "All dressed up and nowheres to go." Then we had "Take me back to Blighty," and as a French vessel came along to our rescue the boys sang, "Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag and smile, smile, smile." The French displayed unforgettable hospitality. As soon as they took our wounded on board they improvised beds and did everything they could to make both English and German comfortable.

It was a cold, rainy, wretched morning when the rescue boats from the *Lanfranc* put into port. The waters of the harbor were whipped to frenzy by a vicious, driving, sleety rain. It was a long, stiffly-moving file of shaky, utterly weary souls, their wounds wrapped about with brine-soaked bandages, which came ashore. Few had had any sleep for several nights; all had been plucked from the jaws of death while fighting under the scream of their own and enemy shells in the inferno between Arras and Vimy Ridge; and all, unarmed and helpless, had faced the Hun in his vilest and murderous guise when he torpedoed the *Lanfranc* without warning.

A handful of lint was given to one man with a bandaged arm and a nasty cut on his forehead, which was still bleeding. "I only just found out that I had it," he said. "I did feel a bit of a bump there when I was getting down the side, but forgot it after. Of course we could see she was done for and everybody kept quiet. It

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was perishing cold, but I'm feeling fine now. I got twenty-eight Huns to me own rifle out there on Vimy and I wished it had been a hundred. Of course they wanted to get us to-night, but it seems to me a dirty way to do it—with a hospital ship."

The silent calm of the long hospital train containing the survivors from the *Lanfranc* seemed almost unnatural. The wounded accepted the whole thing as part of the day's work. And as the train left to take them to hospitals where they were to be made fit again, the wounded offered up their thanks in the only way they knew, with a long, quivering cheer. "Are you down-hearted?" called an orderly. With a long rumbling roar of a "No", they disappeared into the night and—England.

"Nice chap, Fritz," said a destroyer officer, as he turned away.

Yes, it's "Nice chap, Fritz," as the destroyer officer had said. Nice chap to lessen the tonnage of his enemies by resorting to the drowning of helpless men as well as nursing sisters. Nice chap to justify himself by saying the ships he sinks must have been carrying troops and munitions, for German submarines never made mistakes.

On the 26th of February he sank the *Glenbart Castle* bound from France to England. Fritz had agreed to respect hospital ships if they carried a Spanish officer to guarantee their Red Cross mission. The *Glenbart* had her Spaniard and he, too, was nearly drowned in the catastrophe. One pleasing thing about the tragedy was that it gave an American destroyer, at the risk of being herself torpedoed, a chance to do rescue work which makes the blood run faster in one's veins. The sea was vile and the destroyer couldn't launch a boat. Yet, as she passed men clinging to wreckage—men too weak to catch the life lines thrown them—American seamen jumped overboard into the icy water, swam to the sinking men and held them up till they could be rescued. And this gallantry, I'm glad to say, has been fittingly rewarded.

And shortly afterwards the big *Llandovery Castle* was torpedoed for the first time. She didn't sink then but made port and was repaired. Three months later she experienced her second torpedoing, which sent her to the bottom, carrying down 234 of her medical corps and crew. Only twenty-four men were saved and these the U-boat tried to destroy, for she nosed about amid the wreckage of her victim, shelling survivors in life-boats, or those clinging to spars or hatches.

"Everywhere one could see the heads and arms of people battling with the waves, and their shrieks for help were frightful"

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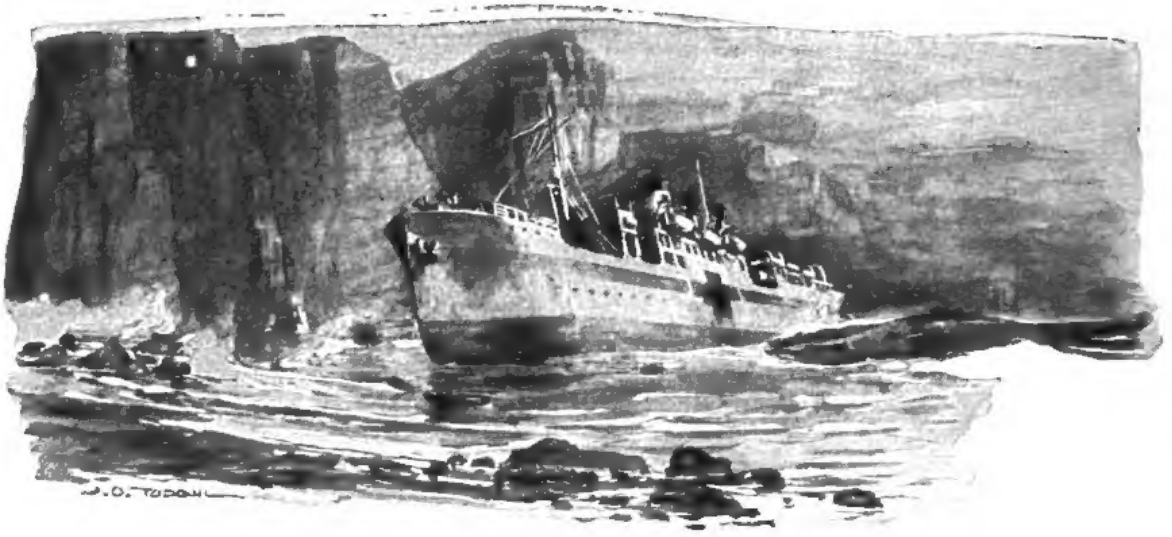

The torpedoed 'Asturias' "out of control, missed a reef, and beached herself on one of the few sandy beaches to be found along the Cornwall coast"

The spectacle, certainly, is representative of Germany at her darkest and truest. What ill luck that one boatload of survivors lived to tell their tale!

What a wanton lie it was for the U-boat commander to say that he sank the *Llandovery Castle* because she carried eight American flying officers! The official records show there was nobody on board who was not either connected with the medical department or with the civilian merchant crew of the ship. I have received letters from a merchant officer on the hospital ship *Araguaya*, on the same route as the *Llandovery Castle*. She was transferred from passenger and food service to replace a torpedoed hospital ship. He tells me that all hospital ships are most particular about living up to the Geneva Convention. No nursing sisters are carried except those who make the round trip between England and Canada. For if Canadian nurses worked their passage home, Germany might say they were troops and sink the ship!

All lights were burning when the *Llandovery Castle* was torpedoed. A huge electric red cross was over the bridge, and strings of white and green lights on either side. The red crosses on the sides of the vessel were also illuminated by electric lights. No one on board saw the wake of the torpedo. The intimation of the presence of the submarine was a jar and roar of an explosion aft; then all the lights went out.

One boat in which there were twelve nursing sisters capsized. A Canadian medical sergeant, who was in the same boat, managed to crawl on to the upturned keel. When the overturned boat got near the submarine he swam to it and climbed aboard, exhausted. He thought it was a rescue boat, but he was seized by one of the U-boat officers and thrown back into the sea like a handbag.

One boatload of survivors was picked up, though the submarine made several attempts to sink it. The submarine commander, in English, ordered the boat alongside. The boat was trying to pick up a drowning man. The second officer shouted back: "We are picking up a man from the water."

"Come alongside. I will shoot with my big gun," shouted the submarine commander. The boat came alongside the submarine and the captain was ordered on board. In case he should be made prisoner and kept on board, he gave the second officer, who remained in the boat, the course to steer. He was taken then to the conning tower of the submarine, where two officers awaited him.

The commander asked him sharply: "What ship is that?"

"It is the hospital ship, *Llandovery Castle*," answered the captain.

"Yes," the commander did not appear surprised, "but you are carrying eight American flight officers."

"We are not," replied the captain. "We had seven Canadian medical officers on board. The ship was chartered by the Canadian Government to carry sick and wounded Canadians from England to Canada. I have been running to

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Canada for six months with wounded. I give you my word of honor that we have carried none except patients, medical staff, crew, and nuns."

The commander then ordered the one Canadian medical officer in the boat to come aboard. The Canadian medical officer was so roughly hauled on board and thrust along the deck, with such plain intention to injury, that he actually had a small bone in his foot broken by the handling he received.

The captain and medical officer were ordered back into the boat, which cast off and pulled away from the submarine. The submarine began to circle round the wreckage at full speed. Several times it narrowly missed hitting the boat, once swirling past within two feet of it. The second and fourth officers were again taken aboard and questioned.

The submarine commander now stated that there was a big explosion aft as the vessel sank, and that therefore she must have been carrying munitions. The second officer explained patiently that this was the explosion of the boiler and the falling of the funnel. They were allowed to return to the boat.

Again the submarine circled and threatened the boatload of survivors by swooping close to her; she then moved off and seemed to come to a stop. From this position, she opened fire at an unseen target, firing about twelve shells.

And yet a semi-official note from Berlin claims that, like all similar assertions of the British Admiralty, the statement that a German submarine was responsible for the fate of the *Llanovery Castle* is also "probably incorrect. It appears from the later news that no one on board the steamer observed a U-boat or a torpedo. In all probability the cause of the loss will be found attributable to a British mine."

Don't forget that the *Llandovery Castle* was over 150 miles off the Irish Coast and that it has been Germany herself who has laid floating mines!

The sinking of hospital ships, the bombardment of cities, the murder of women and children, the use of gas and flame projectors, the starvation and torture of prisoners of war, atrocities without number—these things are Germany.

The verdict passed on them by truly civilized and humanitarian nations is expressed in a note which the International Red Cross Committee at Geneva sent to the German Government after the sinking of the *Asturias:*

"The International Committee whose right and duty it is to enforce respect for the principles of the Red Cross and the Geneva Convention, by reporting violations of them, draws the very serious attention of the German Government to the responsibility which it would assume towards the civilized world by persisting in a resolution which is in contradiction to the humanitarian convention which it has pledged itself solemnly to respect.

"In torpedoing hospital ships it is not attacking combatants but defenceless beings, wounded or mutilated in war, and women who are devoting themselves to the work of relief and charity. Every hospital ship is provided with the external signs prescribed by international conventions, the use of which has been regularly notified to belligerents and should be respected by belligerents. The latter may, according to the Hague Convention, exercise the right of search, but have in no case any right to sink a ship and expose to death the hospital staff and the wounded.

"The *Asturias* appears to have been torpedoed without any care having been taken to ascertain her character or destination.

"Even if the correctness of the facts were admitted upon which Germany bases justification of her order, the International Committee considers that nothing can excuse the torpedoing of a hospital ship, and expresses the hope that such an order, contrary to international conventions, will cease to be carried out."

And Germany answered by torpedoing, and at that without warning, the *Gloucester Castle*, *Donegal*, and *Lanfranc* and continued her breaking of the law of God and man into 1918, with the *Rewa*, *Glenbart Castle*, and *Llandovery Castle* and again with the *Warilda* on August 4, 1918, drowning 100 bed-confined wounded as well as many Red Cross nurses.

"Nice chap, Fritz," isn't he?

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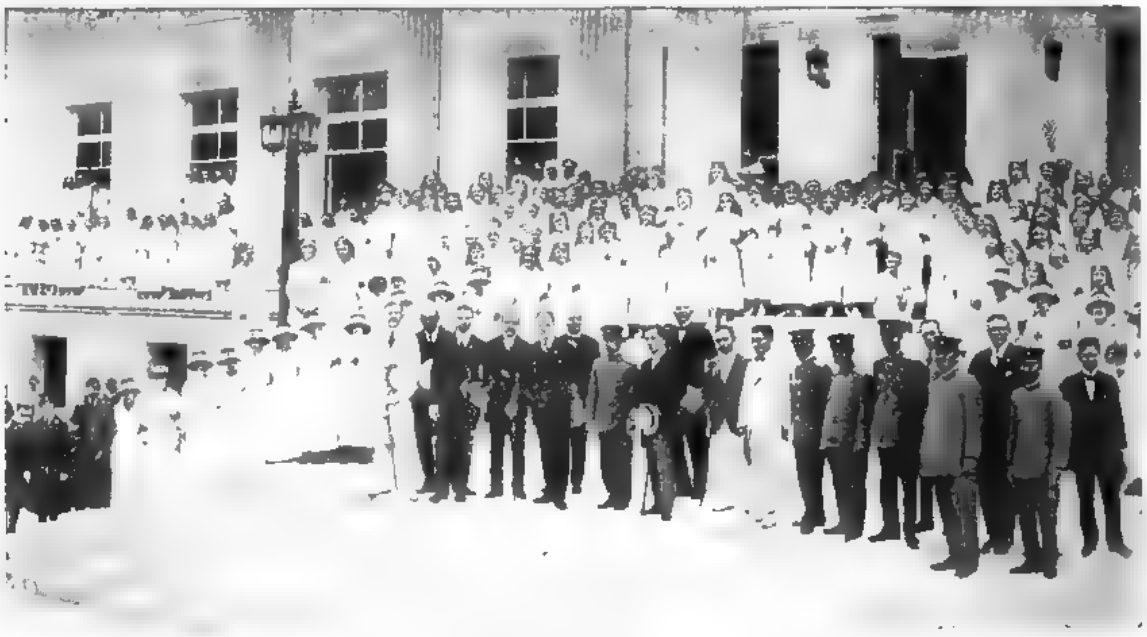

The Japanese Red Cross Commission in front of the Red Cross Building in Washington—Mr. Davison with cane in right hand, Prince Tokugawa at his left

Our Friends from Japan

By a Field Officer of the Fourteenth Division

MANY readers will remember the article that we published in the July number about the Red Cross in Japan. They will recall the remarkable organization the Japanese have developed, with its hospital-ships, its physicians, its nurses, its storehouses of supplies and its hospitals ready for instant use in different parts of Japan

When the writer was in Japan last winter he heard everywhere expressions of wonder as to what the American Red Cross had done, as to the hundred million dollars raised, as to the sixteen million members added, and the world-wide work of supply and solace so quickly organized and sufficiently administered. Their own accomplishment from our pre-war standpoint had been remarkable. But the sight of our nation organizing and extending the American Red Cross filled these quiet, able Japanese with respect.

Readers will remember that the Japanese made offers of assistance to the American Red Cross, expressed a desire to contribute money and needed articles, and that they formed auxiliaries of the American Red Cross. This spirit was nobly expressed by Baron Ishiguro, when he said: "I feel as if I am working with you in the same room and in the same cause of humanity."

It was out of such circumstances and such deep sentiments as these that came the appointment of a Japanese Red Cross Commission to visit this country to see the work and organization of the American Red Cross. It was a very distinguished, able and interesting set of men which were chosen to make up this Commission. It was headed by Prince Yoshihisa Tokugawa, and included the following members of his staff: Dr. Arata Ninagawa, D.C.L., Dr. Shigemi Sawamura, Dr. Yasushi Naito, Dr. Sadaka Kageyama, Mr. Hideya Yoshida, Mr. Hideya Furusawa, Mr. Chuichiro Fujimori, Mr. Kiyoshi Kawokamai, Secretary; and Count Kuwashi Katsu. There is no place here to give the reader an idea of how well these men represent the spirit and the genius of their country.

In San Francisco the Japanese Commission

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commenced its inspection of Red Cross work. At all the railroad stations on the way east thousands of women workers of the Red Cross cheered them. Certainly no commission has ever been received with more kindness or a greater expression of good-will.

In Washington they were the guests of Mr. Henry P. Davison and other American Red Cross officials. President Wilson and his family gave them a cordial greeting; the President placed his official yacht, the *Mayflower*, at the disposal of the Commission for a trip to Mt. Vernon, which was one of the most impressive incidents of their visit. As the boat steamed slowly down the Potomac past the beautiful white structure, the crew, the Commission and the guests stood at salute while the ship's bell solemnly tolled and the band played a dirge. Perhaps the following telegram sent from the ship by Prince Tokugawa to his Red Cross Society in Shiba Park, Tokyo, tells the story as well as it could be told:

"Through President Wilson's courtesy we are sailing down the Potomac River on board his yacht, the *Mayflower*, and are going to pay homage to the tomb of Washington. American Red Cross, and people have extended to us greater courtesy than you can possibly imagine. We hope you will tell Her Majesty, the Empress, and let the public know how kindly we are being treated by the Americans."

Prince Yosbihisa Tokugawa, who comes from a family distinguished through generations in Japanese history

Later the Commission came to New York, were entertained at several American homes, and finally sailed for France. Prince Tokugawa himself, who is a young man of thirty-two, eager to coöperate in every way in the good work of these two great societies (the Japan Red Cross being an organization of nearly 2,000,000 members, and very effective in its management) is most capable, as well as friendly. In one of his tactful speeches he said:

"I trust you will pardon my apparent immodesty in injecting the affairs of my own family into an address which should confine itself to the public mission with which I am entrusted.

"When your renowned Commodore Perry knocked at our door, the Tokugawa family was still privileged to administer the national affairs of Japan. It was my great grandfather who was responsible for the conclusion of that classic treaty with America soon after Commodore Perry's visit to Japanese waters. At that moment the tide of public sentiment was against the opening of the country to foreign intercourse. As yet my sires could see no alternative to a policy of the open door if Japan was to keep herself in harmony with the trend of world conditions. Your tactful, large-hearted diplomat, the late Mr. Townsend Harris, won the confidence of my grandfather and his advisers. In the light of such historical background you will not wonder why I have, from my childhood, cherished deep affection for your country. . . .

"It was in 1877 that the foundation was laid for the organization of the Red Cross Society in Japan. By 1886 our institution had grown sufficiently important to be admitted to the Geneva Convention.

"Since then the growth of our Society has been steady and rapid. When it was started forty years ago, it consisted of thirty-eight members. To-day it has almost two million members Considering the limited means at our disposal, we are not disappointed with what we have accomplished. But in comparison with the gigantic undertakings in which the American Red Cross is now engaged, we have come to the conclusion that we have little to be proud of."

The whole visit of the Japanese Mission to this country was fraught with good will It is the hope and belief of every one that this kindly association of the two nations in a humanitarian enterprise will lead to a better and fuller understanding and a more practical coöperation.

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The Little House of Patriotism

By Edith Day Robinson

Mrs. Arthur W. Smythe, whose indomitable energy and devoted spirit are demonstrated in labor, in love, and in sacrifice

THIS is the sketch of a woman whose motto is *Nil desperandum;* who has been capable of a love the power of which has achieved a notable victory over successive strokes of misfortune; who, last autumn, wanted to go to Italy to do canteen work but, instead, has been doing that work from her own doorstep. All of which proves, as she would tell you if she could, that Opportunity—whether to build a home and happiness out of ruin, or to prove one's patriotism—comes not once, as the fatalist believes, but again and again.

Her house is found by locating telephone pole No. 502—which is on Long Island—and a little, winning country road to the right, which leads to the Red Cross in her window. The house is set on a foundation measuring 24 by 24 feet. The ground floor has a kitchen, dining room, two bedrooms, and a tiny ante-room to the kitchen no bigger than a caravaner's wagon. Here are vegetables and preserves in glass jars on shelves ranging from floor to ceiling, one row showing the rich red of the tender beet, the next the delicate, iridescent tint of lemon, then orange, and green; so, if one has imagination, one may think of oneself as a dwarf looking up at a giant *pousse-café* standing on the floor with its rim touching the ceiling. Dainty frilled curtains are at the square-paned windows, one pane of which is filled with a Red Cross. And everything is in perfect order; for guests are liable to stoop their heads at any time to escape the lintels of the low doorways.

How often in peace times had the mistress of this place contemplated the plains, rolling away from her tiny domicile, blanketed with snow, so still, so cold, so unresponsive, so removed, apparently, from civilization and anything so scientific as war and airplanes, while she wondered what the next year would bring forth.

A number of years ago Marie Smythe—who was not then Marie Smythe—married the man of her choice in a part of the country remote from New York. The couple took up an abode in Brooklyn, where Dr. Arthur W. Smythe had a good practice as a nose and throat specialist. He was able to give to his bride all that she had known in the way of comfort. But his heart proved not as strong as it was devoted and the time came when it was necessary for them to move to a more favorable climate in which to battle for his health. It was decided to start a poultry farm in California. On the way to their new home, all their household furniture was destroyed by fire. Undaunted, the two arrived in California, invested their capital in chickens and were progressing splendidly when one night fire swept away their chicken runs. They then returned to the East, Dr. Smythe weaker instead of stronger, their funds rapidly diminishing.

The time came when Mrs. Smythe was forced to take the helm. The husband was too weak to leave his bed. The last hundred dollars had been reached. Placing $50 down on eight acres

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of ground on Long Island which had a shanty and a barn, Mrs. Smythe took what furniture she had left and moved there with her husband, who was not expected to live. But *Nil desperandum*, as I have said, was her motto. Intrepidly she forged ahead, hard labor being her relief from mental anguish, and eventually proving her salvation!

With a borrowed horse and plow she planted peas and beans and beets. When the doctor, indoors, could no longer resist the sunshine he would pull himself out to where it was; and the healing effects of the air and the warm, sweet earth gave him strength, atom by atom.

There is no space here to detail the long winters when the wife sat indoors sewing for the neighbors who gave her work—she who had known comfort, cultured surroundings, Italy, France, and Spain in her happiest days; or of the trips she made through the snow, twice a day, to open and close the local school; or how her husband made the furniture by lamplight in the winter evenings, and out-of-doors when summer came. Nor can we tell of the market-garden route they started, and succeeded with, until it outgrew them; nor of the excellent position Dr. Smythe obtained and still holds; nor of the fire that destroyed the barn on the place. What chance has misfortune in face of a dauntlessness that refuses to recognize it!

We can only bring this story up to date—to the little house as it now stands, with its handmade furniture, its evidences of staunch friends, its perky, fresh white curtains at the windows, and the out-kitchen which, last winter, sent out preserved products to eleven states. This same kitchen was also the scene of a labor of love and of a spirited expression of patriotism, for last autumn more than 500 glasses of jam and jelly were "put up" –the materials having been donated—by Mrs. Smythe and sent to the big cantonment established near by.

To the door of the tiny kitchen, one morning in the spring, strolled a lad in khaki, a pail swinging from his hand. Mrs. Smythe went to the door. The boy explained that some men were working on a new flying field across the road; they were thirsty and he had been told she was the only one in the neighborhood who had a pump with spring water. He had not finished explaining before he found the door open to him. Bending his head he entered the miniature outbuilding, with its stove, sink, table, and the pump which stands on the floor. On the table was a

The original "shanty and a barn" on Long Island, the first payment for which represented half of Mrs. Smythe's depleted capital, are now the typical buildings of a modern farm

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lone piece of pie. He pumped hard, and looked at the pie as if to mesmerize it.

"You make pie, I see," he remarked.

"Why, yes," replied Mrs. Smythe. "That piece was left from my husband's breakfast. *You* wouldn't like it, would you?"

"Oh, *wouldn't* I?" was the feeling response.

After that numbers of boys appeared at the little house for—drinking water. One day a sergeant appeared.

"What I'm trying to find out," he said, "is why so many of my men have developed a sudden thirst for spring water?"

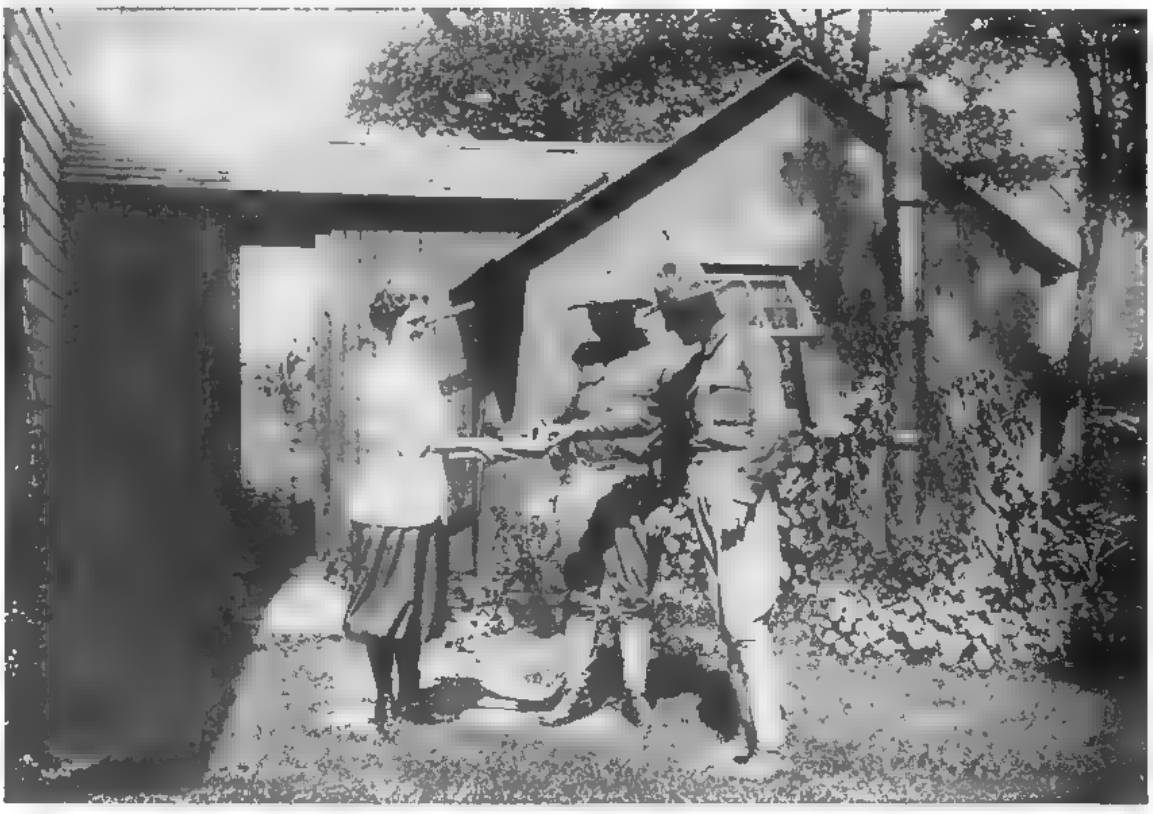
"I suppose it's the pump," returned Mrs. Smythe smoothly, looking him straight in the eye. "It's old-fashioned, and it reminds them of home."

"Some of them have never seen a pump in their lives!" was the laughing answer.

So it started. There were all sorts of things to be done in the garden, if the winter orders from eleven states were to be filled; but Mrs. Smythe went to work in the kitchen making pies. One night her husband, on his way home, bought a huge boiled ham and that was the beginning of the sandwich-making. The demand for sandwiches increased so rapidly that it was impossible to provide materials for them without making a charge, which the boys delightedly paid. In their opinion, a hot pie in the hand was worth three in the bakery! A short time ago, pies to the number of seventy to eighty a day and over a hundred sandwiches were being taken to an aviation camp near by.

I have said nothing about the quality of the apple, rhubarb and peach pies, or of the occasional lemon meringue creation with custard an inch and a half thick and meringue an inch high on top of that! In order to do them justice these things have to be left to the imagination of the epicure.

So far as I know, the weeds are still growing in the garden of the little house of patriotism. Letters are coming in from strangers, "out West" and "up New York State way," with "grateful thanks for kindness shown our boy!" And the Red Cross in the window continues to shine, true symbol of the spirit within—a spirit demonstrated in labor, in love and in sacrifice; a spirit which, please God, will grow and continue unfalteringly throughout the land!



Sandwiches and pies for passing soldiers—canteen work in which Mrs. Smythe delights. She has sent as many as eighty pies and a hundred sandwiches a day to a nearby aviation camp

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From Seaport to Trenches

By Forbes Watson

I. Waiting for the Boys from Home

THIS is the first of three articles in which the author takes up the trail of the American soldier at his point of debarkation and follows it day by day to the front. It tells you vividly, intimately, and with a cumulation of detail just what happens to your soldier boy after he lands on French soil. And through it all, there runs much of the story of the Red Cross work. It is like the letter your boy would write home, if he had the time and were permitted.

PARIS was never so beautiful, tantalizing, and oppressive. One day I went to an exhibition of pictures and, while looking at a Courbet, an explosion broke the windows of the shop. Two evenings later there was an air raid and a Rumanian princess had hysterics in our cellar.

So when orders came for me to go to a French port where American soldiers land, and travel with troops up to the trenches, I was glad to leave the disconcerting contrasts of Paris—broken glass and lovely pictures, air raids and hysterics.

Before you can travel with troops you must first have papers, and then find your troops. You cannot travel in France without a mission.

The most precious of my papers was a white pass permitting me to travel "by train or auto" to all American camps for the period of one month; the next most precious a request from Army Headquarters that I be allowed to travel with troops—a request, not an order. I learned the distinction later on. I might lose my blankets, my cigarettes, or my flask, but I had not the slightest intention of losing these papers. They were all but glued to me.

It had taken my chief three weeks and the proper amount of "paper work," as they say in the Army, to obtain them; and every time I spread out my little white pass before the eyes of an inquisitive provost marshal, it looked more and more like a bit of pure gold leaf.

My papers secured, stamped, sealed, photographed, signed, I went to a friendly officer in the Intelligence Department and asked him when the next body of troops might be expected at a certain French port. Of course, if you have never talked with an officer in the Intelligence Department of the United States Army you have missed at least one acute experience.

My innocent question as to when the next arrival of troops would take place was answered by a look of mild wonder, and the specific information was given to me that troops were always arriving at some port or other and that if I happened to find myself in a certain French port, and I was not arrested as a spy, and kept my eyes open and focussed on the sea, I might some day observe ships on the horizon and perhaps they would contain American troops. Who could tell? Of course, while I was standing in one port, looking out to sea like Balboa discover-

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ing the Pacific, a convoy of troop ships might circle into another port about two hundred miles away. In that case, explained the captain, "you would be out of luck." Oh, these Intelligence Officers! They blab everything.

The only thing for me to do was to wrap up some faith, as well as some blankets, in my bed-roll and proceed hopefully to "a port in France." Fortunately, I knew an American Red Cross Zone Commander there and I telegraphed him to reserve a room for me. Otherwise I should have slept on the curbstone. For the United States Army has transformed this particular seaport from an ordinary, decently prosperous French town into an extraordinary American boom-town.

It did not take me long to discover that I was not the only American in town, for I could not even leave the station without passing a line of American military police who examined my papers. In the station yard the only Frenchmen in sight were the cab-drivers. American soldiers and sailors swarmed everywhere and native Frenchmen looked like visiting strangers. The town was so modern, so over-ridden with Americans, that it was hard to realize that this was France. And it did not seem any more French when, on bumping around a corner, we nearly ran down a group of Negro stevedores playing crap on the sidewalk of an alley.

At the main street an American soldier held up his hand with all the nonchalance of a Fifth Avenue policeman, which perhaps he had been in civil life, and we stopped to let a long line of American army trucks go bouncing past toward the docks. For sleeping purposes it was just about as good as a tent on the corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Sixth Avenue. For sight-seeing purposes it was better, since the traffic was continuous night and day.

As soon as I had dropped my bed-roll in my room, made out a card for the police and paid my respects to the provost marshal, I hurried to the office of the base-commander. The town was interesting, even thrilling, to a person who had been in Paris and away from the manual labor of war; but I could not look at it attentively until I found out about the troops I was to travel with. They might come in that night while I was asleep, or they might not come for a week.

The general commanding was away, but his aide was there and received me courteously. He examined my papers quizzically. He went over them again a little more intently, and the third time he gave his whole mind to them.

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These American troops have just landed from a transport, and are glad to move around freely after their cramped quarters afloat

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About four minutes more of perfect silence were required for further digestion, and then the colonel turned politely to me and said that he would be delighted to do anything for me he could, but unfortunately he did not know of any troops that were about to arrive. He suggested two other ports and he appeared to be anxious to have me go to one of them and not stay where I was. But the completeness of his apparent ignorance piqued me and I decided at all costs to stay in that port.

"I'd like very much to stay here a few days, if you think it worth while," I ventured.

He did not say anything, but began to look out of the window. At last he said:

"Well, you might as well be sociable. Drop in and see me again this evening."

And from that second I knew I was in the right port. At least I could enjoy the excitement of being surrounded by Americans with their sleeves rolled up and their backs bent over the most vital task of war. I hurried to the docks, like a small boy who has heard that the circus is in town.

United States soldiers crowded by me going to and from work. They came from the East and the West, from the state of Washington and the state of Florida, and no one could have stood there five minutes without hearing the accent peculiar to his native state.

The old life of the town had gone along in a peaceful sort of way. Now it rushes as if the Standard Oil Company, the Pennsylvania Railroad, the grain elevators of Chicago and the steel mills of Pittsburgh, not to mention the cotton fields of Georgia, had dropped out of the clouds into its midst. Instead of doing a comfortable day's work in an easy-going fashion, it works twenty-four hours a day seven days a week and fidgets because the days have not forty-eight hours.

I stood watching the boats, the endless stream of empty and loaded trucks, the freight cars being shunted back and forth; and it was like the modern circus. There were too many rings going at once. The inner harbor was packed with boats, some gray, some lined like eccentric zebras. A chorus of donkey engines, backing and racing, set up an incessant howl of activity. Great ship cranes seemed to swing out from every direction, dropping bales and cases into American and French freight cars that bumped back and forth like little brothers and big brothers. The cranes dipped down into the ships and pulled out the most amazing variety of material. At one time I saw swinging in the air, while the donkey engines puffed and whirled and strained, some weighty contrivance that looked like the spinal chord of a giant steam shovel, and close at hand a steam engine and an encased automobile were doing whirligigs in space. And whatever else was going on there was always a truck followed by other trucks pushing its way into one warehouse or out of another. They told me there were twenty-five thousand trucks in the town. I believed them without a moment's hesitation. If they had said twenty-five million, I should have been just as credulous.

I returned to the hotel to dine, and sat down at a table with a group of officers. A great wave of optimism swept over me. I had caught a glimpse of the sheer weight of America's resources. I seemed to have seen America pouring its men and its treasures into France. And I had not seen one thousandth part of the docks, the immense warehouses, the ships, the regiments of laborers. Looking round the table I half expected to see the eyes of all the officers shining with the excitement and the awakened patriotism that a short hour's watching had stirred in me. But their eyes were not shining.

It was the old story in France, the old story the world over. These men were absorbed in their own specific work. They saw part of the machine. The vision of the whole escaped them. The gang, which Lieutenant Bill on my right had been managing that afternoon, had dropped an automobile into the basin and Lieutenant Bill was not thinking of America and France or the war. He was completely absorbed in convincing Captain Jim, on the opposite side of the table, that a certain Major You-Know was a "——fool," because Lieutenant Bill had told Major You-Know just how to unload those automobiles and he had not listened to him.

After coffee, the talk switched far away from the various majors, colonels, and generals who are preventing our young lieutenants and captains from directing the war properly. It turned to the war and action. There was no gossip, no complaints. They told their experiences enthusiastically, but modestly and without overconfidence. Young and clean, simple and practical, they neither drew a long bow nor made a single boast. For them war had already ceased to be a romantic adventure, and they had lost or never known all the political catch phrases. As one man put it, they were not out to make the world safe for democrats, but to win. One felt that their youth and enthusiasm were invaluable contributions to France. One also felt a great reserve power in them. They did not discuss the war passionately or imaginatively, and when victory was mentioned they said, "Give us enough seventy-fives and we'll do it."

Early in the morning the sound of soldiers in

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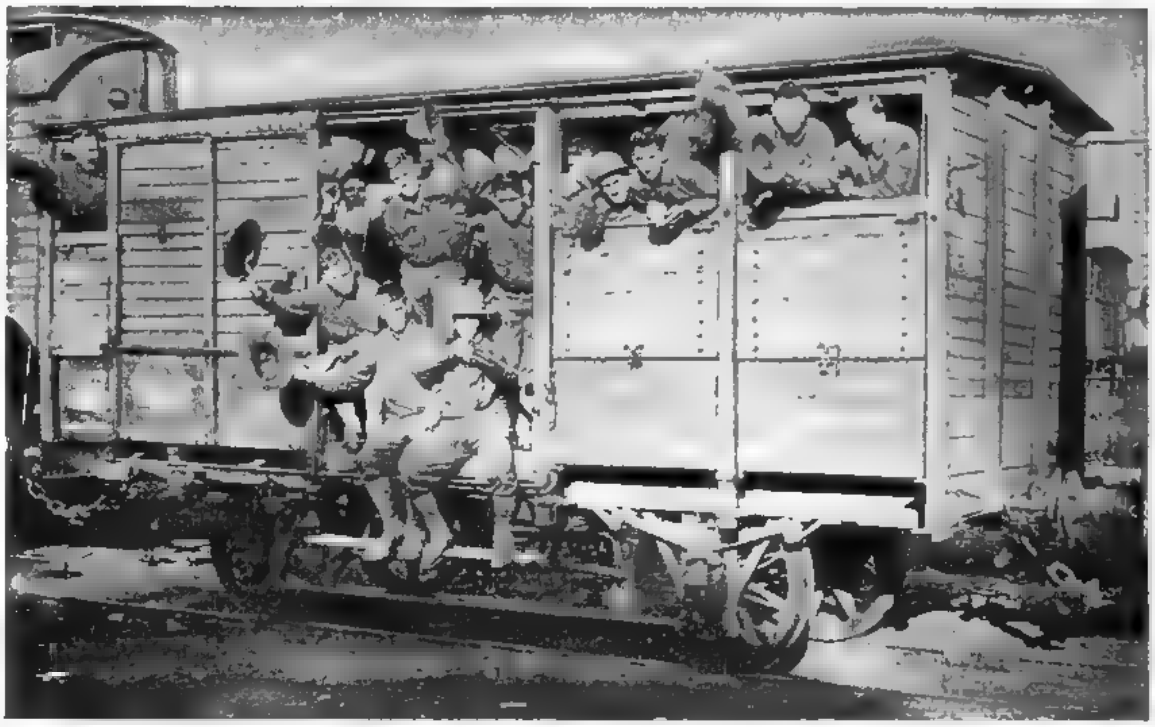

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On the train for the camp behind the battle line, and waving an enthusiastic goodbye to their comrades

the street awakened me. I sprang to the open window thinking that the troops had arrived while I was asleep. An old inhabitant would have known, by the time of day, that it was merely another shift in the ceaseless stream of workers that flows back and forth between the docks and the camps surrounding the town on every side. Looking at these soldiers, off for a day of hard manual labor devoid of all the picturesque excitement that a soldier's life is supposed to have, one could not help wondering how dock work tallied with the dream of warfare that they had brought with them to Europe.

One of the soldiers received a letter from the young lady with whom he had been "keeping company back home," telling him that he was no longer the hero that she had kissed good-bye. "I don't think much of a fellow," she wrote, "who sticks round a seaport packing cases of tomatoes on a freight car when he ought to be up in the trenches killing those horrid Germans." The next day the young man refused flatly to go to work.

"I kind of sympathized with the poor kid," said his officer. "I knew how he felt. I have given him a few points to write back to his girl, and I guess they satisfied her for he's been one of my best little workers ever since. 'You'll get up to the trenches soon enough,' I told him, 'and when you do just remember that if it wasn't for these fellows down here breaking their backs over unloading trucks and steel and tomatoes and steam-engines and shirts and safety pins and bandages and ammunition and every other old thing, big and little, you couldn't stay ten minutes in the trenches. Every time we do a good day's work we're helping to lick the Germans, and it does not matter whether we're loadin' ships back in the States or unloading 'em here, or doughboys in the trenches—we're all fighting parts of the big machine. Do your work and you will be a hero, no matter what your best girl writes to you.'"

As the story ended my friend, the Red Cross Zone Commander, joined us. He was brimming over with enthusiasm, full of his work. He offered to be my guide for the day, and he knew the town perhaps better than anyone else in it, since he touched it from many angles.

What is a Red Cross Zone Commander and what does he do?

He explained that he's a cross between a diplomat and a man of all trades. He's an emergency-hunter, a gap-stopper, a breach-filler. He's

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A freight station among the hills of France, where the unloading of American supplies is one long continuous process

violently interested in sick, wounded, and convalescing American soldiers, and only a little less interested in well soldiers, especially if they are in need.

It appears that the American Red Cross has divided into zones the territory from the ports of entry up to the trenches, wherever there are United States Army activities. Each zone has a commander, with an office force and field representatives. The Base Zones include the ports and adjacent territory, their camps, stations and hospitals. In the Intermediate Zones are situated many training camps, schools, assembling plants; and finally, there are the Advance Zones, with Army Headquarters, field hospitals, evacuation hospitals, base hospitals and, at last, the trenches themselves.

I asked my friend to describe a typical Zone Commander's day. "Come along with me and you will see for yourself," he said.

That seemed reasonable.

He led me first to his office, a small building painted white with a sign over the door, with cheerful, sunny, neat rooms. It had been given rent-free to the Red Cross by a Frenchman. The clerks and assistants were already at work and the Zone Commander quickly settled a number of different points that were awaiting his decision. In his private room, with the door shut, he unlocked a drawer of his desk, and drew out a paper marked "Confidential." "I'm sorry I can't show you this," he said as he examined it, "but it was given to me in strict confidence. It contains a list of all the Army activities in my zone, the hospitals, etc., with their capacities. You see it is a long list and I have a map that goes with it. In certain places we have hospitals, recreation huts, rest stations, dispensaries, baths, warehouses, infirmaries, laundries.

"All of these have to be visited, but our work is not confined to the points where we have established activities. We do a thousand and one things that don't show. You would be amazed at the numberless little odd jobs we do without labelling them or talking about them. Altogether they amount to a large figure. I always feel that I belong to a national auxiliary relief army, and my motto is 'Anything to help.' The words 'Red Cross' don't even begin to suggest what we're doing."

After this we went to the hospital situated on the edge of the town and occupying buildings that used to be a college. Across the road

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were some barracks for contagious cases. We went directly to the wards. My friend knew many of the patients. He stopped to talk with them and asked what he could do for them. They seemed to like him and to find his coming a cheerful break in the monotony of the day.

The doctor in charge came in. The Zone Commander told him about some supplies that he had sent to him to help through an emergency, and the doctor expressed his gratitude. Then for a time the two men talked like partners in the same fine undertaking.

From the wards we went across the grounds to an American Red Cross Hospital Recreation Hut, a long, low, one-story wooden building, sheltered by pine trees and suggesting a rather primitive but very cozy and attractive clubhouse. The main room had a small stage at one end with electric footlights. Here moving picture shows and other entertainments are given for the hospital personnel and for the convalescents who are well enough to leave the wards.

The morning is not the busy time in the Hut, for a group of boys, in dressing-gowns and overcoats, sat talking around the stove and other groups were playing games. Next to the main room was the enlisted men's lounge, also gay with flags, American posters, chintz curtains. Several soldiers were reading and writing to the tune of the inevitable phonograph and, as soon as a record was finished, one of the writers or readers would get up and put on another. Beside this room was a class-room, where boys could have free French lessons, and beyond was the officers' club-room where they could write and play cards. On Saturday evenings the Red Cross representatives had a bridge party and a little supper for the officers and they forgot for the time being the strain of the week's work. At the other end of the building, with a separate entrance, a large cheerful room has been set aside for the nurses.

Once more we crossed the hospital grounds, passed the tennis and basket-ball courts, which the Red Cross had arranged for the boys, and came upon one or two small gardens, the material for which had been supplied for the convalescents by the Red Cross. My friend was also interested in the Officers' Mess Barracks, which he had put up.

Leaving the hospital we got into a cab that was the last living survivor of the Napoleonic wars, and went to one of the great camps a few miles out of town. It was a better way to travel than in a swift machine for there was, in the suburbs as in the heart of the little city, something American to be seen on every side, such as the remount station, a huge automobile shop where the trucks and automobiles were set up and repaired, a special camp for the Negro stevedores, and in the distance more camps, so that the landscape for miles around seemed to be transformed by American energy.

The Zone Commander had come to see about some baths that he wished to install for the Army here, similar to the Red Cross baths in other places, where 200 soldiers an hour can have hot showers and their clothes sterilized. He had also made arrangements for a good-sized garden for the convalescents from the camp hospital. While these important additions to the soldiers' comfort and welfare were being discussed by the commanding officer and the Zone Commander, we visited various parts of the camp and could not fail to notice that at every turn some improvement was being made to the grounds. Here a road was under repair, or more telegraph wires were being put up, or the grounds round the headquarters were being put in order.

Back to town we went after the business of the garden and the baths had been finished, this time by the ocean boulevard. Three more boats were going out on their way back to America, and beyond the point a convoy of arriving boats swung into view, not troop ships but cargo boats. I went again to the hurly-burly of the docks. Already there was a distinct change in the ships that occupied the basin. Every day apparently they changed. I walked round to the other side past a mile of sheds and warehouses, past innumerable piles of different kinds of supplies, and at the upper end of the basin there was my friend, the Zone Commander, again standing before an imposing warehouse.

He was talking with another Red Cross man, and I realized that this was the great Red Cross Warehouse. The recent German drive had changed transportation plans somewhat, with the result that there was more than the usual amount of material in the building. One pile of boxes set apart from the others was reserved for transportation to Switzerland and thence to Germany for American prisoners. At the head of the warehouse was an ex-ambulance driver who had come to France as a volunteer two years before we entered the war. He had watched the growth of the port as an American port of entry, and told me of the time eight months before when the Red Cross had occupied a corner of the single United States warehouse. Now it had a warehouse of its own where fifty thousand cases could easily be stored, and leave room for the trucks to circulate and for the freight cars to enter.

To be sure this warehouse was only a place where the gifts of the American people stay for a few hours or days and then are carried forward to more advanced warehouses on their way to the

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soldiers. Yet something about the spotless place, with its well-racked floor and whitewashed posts, its trucks lined up in order, ready to dash forward to meet incoming ships and move Red Cross material away as quickly as possible, struck me as being typical of the spirit of the port and the camps as I had seen them. There was the same pride in orderliness and in being on the job. The manager told me that he always knew beforehand when Red Cross cases were coming, and that he had his men at the docks night and day working until all the material was out of the way of the Army. He had moved 2,200 tons in three days—not bad for the small force of a single warehouse

The largest warehouses in the world farther up the river were offered as a temptation to make us penetrate farther into the hurly-burly of the port, lined with sheds and warehouses as far as the eye could see, with two lines of railroad tracks on either side of it. But my friend, the Zone Commander, had other plans for me. He had another hospital, another hospital recreation hut, a dispensary, a visit to the Base Commander about the baths he was putting up in the town—but at that point I weakened.

The truth is that, not being a Red Cross Zone Commander, there is a limit to the number of hospitals, camps, canteens, rest stations, recreation huts and other noble works I can digest in a day. We agreed to part until dinner time.

That night at eleven o'clock I received a warning that during the following day it would be best for me to stay near the ocean front. I was on the boulevard, looking out to sea at an early hour. Except for two or three cargo boats moving toward the west nothing unusual was in sight. So I waited around; I sat at a table in front of a nearby café and talked with a French lieutenant.

Our talk drifted along, my eyes turning now and then down the harbor. After a while the discussion broke in the midst of a phrase. I jumped to my feet, for just beyond the far point of the bay the bow of a large ship had come into sight.

"Troops, more troops!" exclaimed the lieutenant. *"Vive les Etats-Unis!"*

Another boat nosed around the point. And not long after another, and another, and still another. People came out of the houses and ran across to the iron fence on the edge of the cliff. As yet there was no great excitement. The boats were still too far off to see the people on them.

(To be continued)

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Part of the famous Rainbow Division, composed of units from many of the State Guards, marching out of a port in France, on the first stage of their journey to the front

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Silhouettes of War

By Private Harold R. Peat

Late 3rd Battalion, 1st Canadian Overseas Contingent

Illustrated by HERMAN PFEIFFER

Man Power

IT WAS a July morning—cool, clear, calm; the blue of the sky was almost unflecked by passing clouds. An hour earlier it had thundered and rained. The trees still glistened with rain drops, and every now and then a ruffle of breeze would dash downward a misty spray.

I sniffed the good air and trod lightly. It was only along the suburban street of a western city that I went, but it had the calm of large country spaces. It was good to be alive; more so, perhaps, in my eyes because I had looked upon horrors and had faced death. Not that we soldiers fear death — no, we take it all in the day's work. Death on the battlefield is not dying; it is passing on to higher things. Yet here on this July day the earth was pleasant; it was radiant; it was glorious and akin to Heaven.

I turned the corner of a cross avenue. Two workmen stood talking. They appeared to be janitors from neighboring apartment houses.

"I've nobody to keep but myself," the elder spoke. "It seems that men are wanted"

"I've nobody to keep but myself"—it was the elder of the two who spoke. "It seems that men are wanted."

No one could mistake his reference. Men are indeed wanted, and more women are wanted. Only those who have been "there" realize how very badly men are wanted. Yes, it is true that each week many thousands of American boys are crossing the Atlantic to join the Allies, yet more men are needed and still more men. It is a gigantic proposition which we are up against. Can you realize the need of men when I tell you that in one British hospital as many as a thousand operations are performed on wounded in one night? Can you realize the need of men when I tell you that in the British forces the wounded casualties of one week, not so long ago, were more than thirty-nine thousand. For *one week* only!

I passed on down the avenue. "I've only myself to keep"—I hope that man has enlisted. He looked older than the draft age. He will never regret it; he will rejoice and be glad of his going when he sees devastated France and desecrated Belgium. He will learn that he has not only *himself* to keep; he will learn that, because he is a man, he is the keeper of those who are oppressed, who are weary, who are wronged, who are tortured by a brutalism

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"Yes, refugees," he said—"been here since August, 1914. They have lost everything—homes, husbands, children, money"

which hides itself under the cloak of militarism.

I went my way homeward and mounted the stairs to my apartment. I opened the door and heard the little crowing laugh of my baby—happy, healthy, bubbling over with tiny mirth and good spirits. I looked at this littlest one and I thought of another baby I had seen three years before, in 1915.

A girl baby it was, too; the tiny body lay huddled in the gutter as we made a forced march through a ruined, shell-torn village. Dead horses, dead men, dead women, lay whole or in mangled bits. I barely noticed them; there was photographed in my brain to remain these three years the picture of a little, still form, with tiny round face bashed and battered, with clotted blood on the sunny hair. I touched my own baby with a gentle finger. I did not know in 1915 that she would be mine, but I fought then for the *idea* of her because of the sight of the still, wee body of a sister child.

That is why man power is needed. That is why men fight and kill Germans—for Liberty, for Freedom, for Life, for Love. They fight because there is punishment due the enemy for the crimes he has committed against humanity. "Vengeance is mine," the Lord hath said; and there are those whom the Lord will use as instruments of his righteous wrath.

Heart Power

IT WAS in 1915, too, not long after we Canadians had reached France, that I had a few hours' leave whilst billetted in Vlamertynghe. I went for a walk. After some miles I felt hot and tired, and turned into a village *estaminet*. I ordered a drink and leaned against the counter whilst mine host made it ready.

"Hello! How's she comin'?"

I jumped round as a hand clapped my shoulder heartily. I expected a Canadian or an English Tommy who might have picked up some American slang. Not a bit of it. A very lame Belgian civilian stood there somewhat awkwardly supporting himself by the back of a chair. We got into conversation.

"Yes," he said, "I was in the States, earned enough money to come back and take up a little farm, and just got here as war broke out. My sweetheart," he raised his head reverently, "my sweetheart was in Brussels when the Germans came. I could not reach her. I pray *le bor*

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that she may be dead—it would be better so." He paused. "*Eh bein, mon vieux,* come—have dinner with me!"

I accepted his invitation. "My farm is only ten acres," said he, as he flung open a gate and ushered me to his house with all the courtesy of the native Belgian. His house was only a three-roomed shack, so I remained without till he announced dinner. I had expected to be alone with him, but fifteen other people gathered in the tiny kitchen to partake of the meal. Fourteen old, crabbed, worn, wrinkled women, their eyes dim, tearless, hopeless, their expressions of total misery; and one child—a wizened girl-woman with lack-lustre eyes—who started at every sound, cowered at every hand touch—almost I thought her mind a little affected.

We ate coarse, black, dry bread which we dipped in thin, hot soup. That was dinner.

"Gee," I said, "you've a mighty big family!"

My Belgian friend smiled. "They're not my family."

"Friends?" I knew what they were but I wanted him to tell.

"Not friends. I don't know one of them."

"Refugees, then?"

"Yes, refugees—been here since August, 1914. They have lost everything—homes, husbands, children, money sometimes I think it would be better for them had they lost their lives like thousands of others"

"Are you paid for keeping them?" I knew I was rude, but there were fifteen and the farm was but ten acres and the shack had only three rooms.

"Paid—who's to pay? Don't you think the Belgian Government has enough to do? No, I'm not paid. I do not seek payment. These women are Belgians—I keep them because they are Belgians. They have been with me since August; they may be with me for seven years, for twice, or three times seven years, if, as the young officer jokingly said to me the other day, the seventh year of the war is the worst and every fourteenth thereafter. They are Belgians!" He thumped his hand emphatically on the table; the child started and tears came to her eyes—it was the first *human* thing I had seen about the little one. I have thought of that child many times since when I have looked at my own baby girl, born three thousand miles away from the horror and the awfulness of war.

"Citizens of the American States, Liberty is soon to be for sale. Liberty is open for investment. The stocks of Liberty are on the market"

Those are things which Belgians are doing one for another. My friend, crippled and heart-broken at the loss of his sweetheart, strove and toiled day after day for those fifteen broken refugees. He could not fight; but he could and did give and give and give until it hurt.

He gave *his* all. Are you giving yours?

Money Power

MY Belgian friend with his fellow countrymen gave the first blow for Liberty in a threatened world. France, Britain, Italy, Serbia have held the field bravely, gamely, for four years. Four years of giving—men, hearts, money. "Do your bit and give your all," is the slogan of the old country, the slogan of the dominions overseas.

There is soon coming the final blow for world

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freedom; the last great, wild note of Liberty must be sounded, and the hydra-headed monster devouringly abroad amongst humanity must be denuded of strength for all time.

To the United States has come the honor of giving the final blow. It is her duty and her privilege to furnish the last vast panoply of conquest. It is to the citizens of the United States—to the great people of a great country—that the greatest honor of the world has come.

Americans, the fate of the peoples of the world is in your hands. It is yours to uphold now the traditions of your ancestors—it is yours to continue that for which your forefathers died. You hold the balance of power. You are young, you are virile, you are fresh in the fighting field—your ranks are undepleted, your troops are not battle-worn and scarred, your homes are not seared with sorrow, your country is not devastated, your towns and cities are not nightly raided by flying death.

The thing is to be done NOW or never. The conquest must be final NOW, or——

But no: Imagination cannot carry us so far as to visualize the world without complete and permanent conquest in our hands.

We are fighting a menace; we are fighting a dread; we are fighting a disease; we are fighting extermination.

There are millions of helpless human beings looking toward the citizens of the United States, pleading with them for the gifts of Man Power, Heart Power, Money Power.

Above all, Money Power—for this last secures the first. And it is not alone the large money of the few—it is also the small money of the many. The Allies are not watching us with lack of faith—their watchfulness denotes interest and keenness to know "how soon" the end will come, for on the response of America's people depends the coming of the end.

And Germany is watching too—Germany, where every man, women, and child is part of the fighting force though outside the actual combatant rank. That is what we want here. Germany is watching to see *how many* of the American people at home are behind the fighting men. They are waiting to see whether the American call of Liberty is the soul call of a Nation or merely the lip call of a majority.

The answer and proof lie in our giving of Man Power, Heart Power, Money Power.

For the moment, the short moment of urgent stress, money in quantities, millions and billions of money, is the greatest power. The best security on earth is offered for the Liberty Loan—it is the pledged word and honor and intention of a free people to free all others from autocracy.

Citizens of the American States, Liberty is soon to be for sale. Liberty is open for investment. The stocks of Liberty are on the market.

Friends in America—invest your Money Power in yourselves, for you are the symbol and hope of all Liberty.

War Funds

By Leonora Sill Ashton

"Give till your heart says, 'Stop'," the poster reads.
"Give till it hurts," a voice takes up the cry,
"Count not the sacrifice too great at home
For those who do and die."

Brave words are these; words of our Nation's own,
Who travel o'er the haunted seas to share
The burden of the white man's load, too great
For brothers there to bear.

But Thou, O Spirit of our God, descend
Upon Thy people, born in Liberty;
Teach us to say, "We give unto the end—
Until the world be free."

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Safe with the "Greatest Mother"

An American soldier makes friends with a baby, while accompanying a Red Cross nurse on her calls in the poorer quarter of Marseilles

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Dr. Sillening's outdoor clinic at the Children's Dispensary in a ruined Roman tower at Marseilles. The population of Marseilles has doubled since the war started, and the sanitary conditions there are wretched

Installing the furniture at Château Holtzman, the Red Cross hospital for contagious diseases among refugee children at Lyons. Before the war, this building was the German Consulate

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Dr. Grove, of the American Red Cross, among the swarming crowds of children on the docks at Marseilles. Living in most unhealthy conditions and needing medical care, the children are always welcome at the Red Cross Dispensary

Children at the Château des Halles, the Red Cross hospital for refugee and repatriate children near Lyons

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The Doctors in Action

By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

DR. WOODS HUTCHINSON, whose name and writings are well known to American readers, has had an extraordinary opportunity to see the war. He spent three months in England visiting the base hospitals, the training camps, the munition factories, the establishments for rebuilding the mutilated, ending with a trip to the British fleet, its hospital ships and trains, and its naval hospitals. By special permit, he visited the British front trenches, following the course of the wounded through the dressing stations, the casualty clearing stations, back to the great base hospitals, including the huge group hospitals of 35,000 beds at Etaples, where the Harvard Unit was. He made a long stay in Paris, where he saw the great French hospitals, the sanatoria for tuberculosis, the homes for the refugees, the schools for the reëducation of the crippled. He visited the repatriated French at Evian; he went to the French front at Soissons, to Dr. Carrel's hospital at Compiègne. In August of 1917, he made a special trip to Italy—to Rome, where he inspected the big base hospitals, and to the Isonzo, while the big Italian offensive was under way. And he brought back "a very high opinion of the Italian hospital service and its care for the wounded, of the Italian Army and its organization. Dr. Hutchinson says, "It is the first war where the doctor has been given a free hand, and he has responded by almost wiping out disease, saving 90 per cent. of the wounded and sending 80 per cent. of them back to the firing line within forty days! He has made the death rate from all causes in this most horrid-sounding and appalling of wars barely 2 per cent. per annum."

THIS war is different from any other war in history and no one has helped more to make it so than the doctors. No one who knows will either resent or dispute the fact that in this war the forces whose aim is the protection and recovery of life have made more progress and have been more successful than those which aim at its destruction.

This seems rankly incredible in the face of the horribly efficient machines for slaughter and diabolically ingenious scientific engines of destruction which a modern general has at his disposal - airplanes and hailstorms of half-ton shells in the heavens above; dynamite mines and concrete gun-nests in the earth beneath, batteries "thick as autumnal leaves in Vallombrosa," hurling a million shells a day, and machine guns that pour streams of bullets like water from a hose; and, last but not least, the fiendish, strangling, torturing gas clouds, which are neither from heaven above nor from the earth beneath, but direct from hell—the good old German hell—itself.

If any one doubts it, here are the cold, official figures. The total death-rate from all causes in this war, instead of being, as might pardonably be expected, tenfold greater, *is less than half that of any previous serious and continued war on record!* That is barely 2 per cent. per annum of the total number engaged, as compared with more than 6 per cent. in our American Civil War, for instance.

The two chief factors in this triumph have been the doctor and the irrepressible and unconquerable resourcefulness of the common soldier. The same human ingenuity which sharpened the attack has hardened the defense. Give a man a

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spade and three hours' start, and he will make himself safe from the hugest cannon ever yet cast. In spite of the horrible soul-shaking thunder and roar of modern artillery, blasting and pounding down level the whole face of the earth like a huge paviour's rammer, it actually takes more tons of shell to kill one soldier now than it used to take hundred-weights of bullets in an earlier day.

But the doctor comes first as a diminisher of the deadliness of war, because, in the first place, seven eighths of the danger in former wars was from disease, not from battle. In successive wars for thirty years past, we have been whittling this down steadily to six sevenths, three quarters, three fifths (in the Japanese army); but in this war we have reached our climax in a death-rate from disease *less than one fifth* as great as that from battle and wounds—barely a fraction of a per cent. This is the greatest single contribution to the lowering of the death-rate. And the reason why it has not brought down the entire death-rate in corresponding proportion is because the fighting is so vastly more incessant and continuous than in any previous war. Even in so-called quiet times, there are more men engaged along the whole length of the Western Front in active fighting than ever were lined up in the greatest and most famous battles of history, ignoring, of course, the preposterous figures of the forces engaged in the battles of antiquity, which are pure fairy tales. The British Army alone, as one of its officers expressed it, has been fighting an average of something like "five Waterloos a week."

The second great contribution of the doctor has been his brilliant success in the treatment of the wounded. In earlier wars, from thirty to forty (and if hospital gangrene broke out, sixty) per cent. of the wounded died. In this war, of the wounded who are able to be carried off the field of battle in "one piece," so to speak, 90 per cent. recover; of those reaching the casualty clearing stations and field hospitals, 95 per cent. get well; while I have visited base hospitals which have treated tens of thousands of successive cases, with a death rate of less than 1 per cent. Of the wounded who recover, seventy to eighty per cent. are back again on the firing line within forty days.

But by a curious paradox, the very successes of the doctor have increased both his dangers and his hardships. First of all, because a large share of his wonderful success in the treatment of the wounded depends upon his getting them within eight hours, and if possible within three or four, of the time that they are hit, on to the operating table of a fully equipped hospital, with all modern conveniences and facilities. This means that the real "works" of the surgical organization of this war have been moved up into the field hospitals, called by the English "Casualty Clearing Stations," and by the French and Americans, "Evacuation Hospitals," because the wounded are evacuated from them into the hospital trains which stand at their back doors. Not merely are the regimental surgeons in their posts just behind the third line trenches and the ambulance doctors in the advance dressing stations, but nearly half of the operating and consulting surgeons and their nurses and staff live and work constantly under, or close to, the range of the heavier German guns and are constantly exposed to night bombardments by airplanes.

Instead of two thirds of the army doctors being in places of comparative safety, the proportions are just about reversed, and the result is seen in the grim practical fact that the casualties in the Medical Corps are quite half those of the line officers. In the battle of the Somme, three hundred British surgeons are said to have been killed and wounded. And of late months, since the Hun has more completely developed and let loose his innate Hunnishness and beastliness, the casualty rate among nurses is climbing up rapidly to the surgeon's total.

In the second place, their success in saving the wounded and sending them back so quickly to the firing line has brought them into another danger. It can be seen at a glance what an important part their work in this respect plays in keeping up the fighting strength of an army. This was noted at once by the keen and watchful eye of the German General Staff; and with that strange, remorseless, inhuman logic which has made the German psychology both a puzzle and a horror to the civilized world, it has proceeded to repeal and refuse to recognize the age-old immunities of the profession of the art of healing. Instead of respecting the doctor and the wounded and their memoried symbol, the Red Cross, they have announced that one doctor is to be regarded as the equivalent of five hundred common soldiers, and one stretcher-bearer as the equal of eight fighting men, and have instructed their gunners and snipers and airmen to act accordingly. "Fire one warning shot and then vigorously engage them at once," is the language of the official order.

The wounded are no longer objects of pity to the enemy, but future fighting men; doctors and nurses are no longer ministers of mercy, but conservers of the battle strength of the enemy. It has even been reported that the Y. M. C. A. has been placed upon the list of combatants, because its activities aid in keeping up the morale and fighting spirit of the army. All of which is

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perfectly logical and sweetly reasonable, if you happen to be German instead of human.

Of course, real doctors and real nurses don't care a rap about these changed conditions, provided that they can get good results for their poor wounded. They were much more unhappy in the early days of the war, before their operating theatres were right up at the front and two-thirds of the horribly infected shell wounds suppurated, in spite of everything they could do, while tetanus and gas gangrene were almost every-day experiences. Then the genius of Carrel pointed out that no matter how huge and gaping the wounds might be, and how crammed full of infection from the soil they were, if they were thoroughly cleansed within four to eight hours of the time that they were inflicted, and literally "scalped" of every particle of dead or dying tissue—even though this involved the cutting away of perhaps three-quarters of a pound of flesh—and then skillfully irrigated with an antiseptic solution containing free chlorine, the wounds would heal painlessly in a third of the usual time. The doctors and nurses then moved up under fire and went cheerfully and unconcernedly about their beloved work, while the shells whistled overhead and the Boche airplanes bombed the hospitals almost every night.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson, who spent the whole of 1917 studying the medical problems of the war in England, France and Italy

One of the first hospitals which I visited in France was that of the Harvard Unit, not far from Boulogne, which had gone over there before America went into the war. They were in a tented and hutted camp-hospital of about two thousand beds, a section of the largest hospital area in the world or in history, totalling at that time nearly thirty-five thousand beds.

It was a literal city of the wounded covering half a county, visible twenty miles away from a high-flying airplane and plastered all over with huge red crosses, and absolutely unmistakable as a hospital area. It was over fifty miles behind the fighting lines. There were no batteries, no troops, no fortifications or entrenchments within scores of miles of it, except a small rest camp and a training camp for convalescents two miles away. The German airplanes had made repeated attempts to get at it but without success, and the great hutted city was lulled into fancied security under the delusion that perhaps the Boche was not as bad, after all, as he officially proclaimed himself to be.

Then America went into the war, and within two months of my first visit, a second Harvard unit and a St. Louis hospital unit came over and were established as divisions in this great camp. Within a very few weeks, as soon as the Boche's omnipresent spies had time to report to headquarters that the Americans were really there, two Hun airmen circled over the sleeping hospital village one quiet night, located the two American camps, and then, taking a line straight across that part of the area in which they were situated, swooped down to close quarters and showered a perfect rain of bombs in a storm belt right across the whole village. Whirling in their tracks, they came back and repeated the performance.

Murderous as were their intentions, their net slaughter was mercifully light. One bomb dropped in a nurses' quarters, tearing out the eye of one woman, severely wounding another, and slightly injuring several more. Others dropped in or near hospital wards, re-wounding a score

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so of the wounded, but killing only a small number.

But the largest number of "effective" or successful explosives fell directly upon and among the tents of the medical staff; and, when I again visited the hospital a month or two afterwards, I was shown a great hole in the ground in the middle of the medical quarters, where a huge bomb had crashed into the tent of an American surgeon, exploded almost underneath his cot where he was peacefully sleeping, and literally blown him into fragments. Another surgeon in the next tent had a leg so badly shattered, involving the knee joint, that he had to be invalided home. Several other surgeons were wounded but none seriously.

As the German airmen planed swiftly up from their last cannonade they threw down *a dozen handfuls of copper coins*—German pfennigs and a few of our American cents. The meaning of this extraordinary performance frankly puzzled me; but the surgeons who told me of it had no doubt whatever of what it meant, and furiously resented it. According to them, it was a sign message: "Here, you dollar-hunting American dogs, you came into this war for money. Help yourself. This is your price." The doctors seemed even more annoyed about this incident than they did about the actual bombs, which, as they said with a shrug of the shoulders, was only what one had to expect if one went to war with the Boche.

By a singular coincidence, three of the members of the medical staff happened to be on special detail at a casualty clearing station just behind the fighting lines. That very same night the station was severely bombed and all three of the American surgeons had an extremely narrow escape. A huge 200-pound bomb, of the "flying-pig" type, exploded right in the middle of the sleeping tents, but by a most merciful coincidence, the doctors had all gathered in the mess tent about thirty yards away where they were holding a meeting of the local hospital medical society. The discussion proved absorbing and so protracted that, at about 1.15 A.M., one of the participating members stepped to the door of the mess tent and shouted across to Dr. X—(who had had a very hard day in the operating-room and had retired to his cot) urgently inviting him to return, saying that refreshments were to be served, or at least that a pot of some kind was about to be opened, and didn't he want to get in it, which sounds confusing. But then army language is always very strange. The recumbent doctor, who had not yet fallen asleep, protested feebly, but upon being urged that he was really needed "to take a hand"—probably assist in some special surgical operation—he grumblingly rose and tottered across to the main mess tent. Hardly had he gotten inside the door when there was a flash, a tremendous bang, a "*Whoosh*!" that nearly flattened the mess tent, and when the members of the medical society picked themselves up, and went to see "where that one hit," they found, in the place of the tent and cot which had just been vacated by Dr. X——, a hole in the ground large enough to have buried an elephant in, and not one scrap or fragment of the tent, the cot, the doctor's clothing and his kit to be found anywhere!

The following morning Dr. X—— made a careful search over all that region of the camp. With the assistance of his friends, he succeeded in recovering a sufficient number of the fragments of his clothing, kit, and personal belongings to about *half fill his steel helmet*—a piece of his razor, the heel of one of his shoes, half a collar, a sliver of his shaving glass—and these, with the clothing he had on when he walked across to the mess tent, constituted his entire earthly possessions.

Another curious feature about this particular attack was that a new type of bomb was dropped, in addition to the "flying pigs," which, instead of exploding upward and driving out its fragments in the direction of the sticks of a fan, exploded horizontally and sent its fragments fiendishly whizzing along about six inches above the surface of the ground. The surgeons told me that, in several of the tents, the boots and shoes which were on the floor were cut to pieces, and tent pegs were shattered into kindling wood, while objects a foot or more above the ground were unhurt and untouched. In one particular tent, nearly a hundred feet away from the site of the explosion, the legs were cut right out from under a couple of cots, dropping the canvas and blankets on the floor untorn and unmarked. Some of them said that the bomb appeared to be a boomerang or whirling knife-bladed propeller kind of contraption, having the power when exploded to send its parts skating or "planing" fifty, sixty, or even a hundred feet away from the site of the explosion.

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The World-Wide Red Cross

Red Cross stamps have been sold in all parts of the world, and funds raised to lighten the vast suffering of war. We reproduce in identical sizes and colors some of the most interesting of them

Valparaiso, Chile

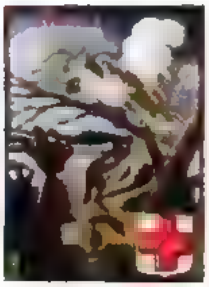
Women's Union, France

Havana

French Somaliland

Montargis, France

Blois, France



Sydney, Australia

Saint Sebastian, Spain

Rosario, Argentina

Quebec

India

Switzerland

Panama

Johannesburg, So. Africa

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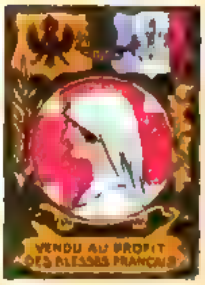
French Guinea, Africa

Senegal, Africa

Fez, Morocco

Yunnan, China

Saigon, Cochin-China



French Colonial

Tongking, China

Petrograd

Copenhagen

Les Andely, France

Guadeloupe, West Indies

Scotland

Marathon, Greece

Scotland

French Guiana, So. America

Odessa, Russia

Society Islands

Bogota, Colombia

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Montevideo, Uruguay

Montreal

Rio de Janeiro

Lisbon, Portugal

Women's Union, France

Arzamas, Russia

Women's Union, France

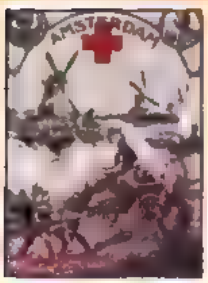
Switzerland

Melbourne, Australia

Argentina

Glasgow

French Colony, Rome



Amsterdam

Tourane, Indo-China

Scotland

Scotland

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station at Tarnopol—Tarnopol, the bloodiest, grimmest name up to now on all the fronts in all the war—drawing a private car, in which were the American officers who had come to see the drive. It was a quiet, pleasant Saturday evening, June 30, 1917, and the townsfolk were moving peaceably about the streets, little suspecting the impending terrors that were to make the name of their town synonymous with horror in all Russian history. Automobiles were waiting at the station and through the long, white, Russian evening the American military men, under guidance of polite Russian officers, rode to the scene of the morrow's conflict.

And thus, on Sunday morning, July 1st, we find them crouched in the wheat field, awaiting the charge in the valley below them. No war correspondents were there, and I have had to take General Scott's own story of what he saw that day. He told it to me a few days later in a great, high-ceiling room, in the Winter Palace.

"My party went to the observation post at eight o'clock in the morning. It was a dugout, and it was so full of Russian officers that we felt we were in the way. It was a tremendously important time for the Russians, so we removed ourselves to a wheat field on a hillside, crouched in the grain and kept our glasses fixed on the trenches half a mile away. A tremendous artillery fire began exactly at nine o'clock from thousands of guns. In the midst of all the tumult I noticed a horse grazing in the field near by, unheeding the noise. The Russian trenches suddenly became alive with men, who leaped out and ran forward.

"After five minutes they disappeared into the Austrian trenches. To our astonishment we saw men climbing out of the Austrian trenches and running to the Russian trenches as fast as they could go. We thought the Russians had got hit in the eye. But it was quite the reverse. In a near by telephone post they had gotten word that these men who were running back were Austrian prisoners. After half an hour the battle lost itself in a great forest and we could see no more of it, so we sent back to headquarters to discover what had happened."

And what had happened?

Those oncharging regiments, which the American officers saw from their wheaten nests, were, in most part, Czechoslovaks. All of them, indeed, had once been Russian prisoners, soldiers of the Austrian army, who had been captured by Russian troops or had gone over to them in various battles on the eastern front.

If the American officers on that hillside could have seen into the minds and hearts of those onrushing, gray-clad soldiers, they would have found therein a dream and a prayer for a new and free Bohemia. An ancient mistake—made in 1526, when the Bohemian people elected a traitorous Hapsburg as their king, and put themselves finally into the clutches of Austria and Hungary—was what these men had in mind as, under the gaze of those American eyes, they went into battle.

And what was happening across the way, when the hordes of men, in Austrian uniform, climbed out and hurried to the Russian line so eagerly that General Scott thought they must be retreating Russians? A thousand small but thrilling things that could not be seen in detail toward the distant hillside. Captain Furlinger, a Czechoslovak, met his brother over there, a soldier in the Austrian army. Within five minutes the brother had shed his Austrian garments, had put on the Russian uniform, donated by a wounded soldier, and was dashing ahead against the Austrians. Another Czechoslovak soldier, with bayonet upraised to kill an Austrian, suddenly cried, "Father!" and, dropping his gun, kissed the Austrian soldier he had been ready to kill. There were thousands of Czechoslovaks in those Austrian trenches, thousands of greetings and cheers of joy. Kerensky had known where to strike.

At the end of that drive, in which 28,000 prisoners were taken, there were in all Russia more than 300,000 Czechoslovaks, who, at various times and occasions, had gone over from the Austrian armies to the Russian; men more desperately pro-Ally through their hatred of Austria and Germany and their hopes of Bohemian freedom than men of many others of the Allied armies. And, on that day, they won their spurs; on that day, while the American soldiers watched them fight—for there was good hard fighting to do, with plenty of real Austrians and real Germans to slay—they gained the right to form a Bohemian national army. Through the following days the world, on its map of Russia, watched them fight their way to Halicz and take it. The news went forth that the Russian giant had been awakened at last. The Germans and the Austrians sent floods of reserves to strengthen their lines.

And then came Tarnopol.

Three Czechoslovak regiments, at the very front, were bracing themselves to take the shock of an oncoming German drive, and save the menaced city of Tarnopol. Behind and alongside them were Russian regiments. As the fighting grew hot for a certain regiment of Russians it broke and fled. The enemy poured in through the hole they had made. Behind the Czechoslovaks the Russians began to re-

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treat. Cossack horsemen, coming up from the rear and dashing through the Czechoslovak regiments, brought the word.

"Fly for your lives," they shouted. "Czechs! Save yourselves! We are betrayed by the Bolshevik soldiers. They have run away."

The Cossacks, as well as the Czechoslovaks, knew what it would mean for a Bohemian to fall into the hands of the enemy.

In front, on the flanks and in certain districts behind them, the enemy was firing and approaching. Slowly they fell back toward Tarnopol. The city, by this time, was afire. Bolshevik pillagers and plunderers moved about from ruin to ruin and then, as the enemy came nearer, took to the roads in panic, dropping their guns, their equipment and even their loot. No one could rally them. I met in Petrograd, after the Tarnopol rout, a British officer whose hands were bruised and swollen and bandaged, like a prize-fighter's.

"I broke both hands," he explained, "standing in the road at Tarnopol punching Bolshevik soldiers in the face as they went by me. But not a one would stop even to fight me."

"Don't let the Germans take you alive," was the word that went around among the Czechoslovak regiments. They remembered that bloody day in the early part of the war when, by Austrian order, every fifth man of the Eighth Regiment of Home Defense, from the Bohemian town of Brno, was shot because of the reluctance of the regiment to fight for Austria. They remembered the nine hundred and fifty Czechoslovak citizens who had been shot by order of Austrian or German court-martial. And so, waiting until hope was gone, the officers shot themselves with their own revolvers, while the soldiers ran into the shell-fire zone or destroyed themselves with hand grenades. One John Heydek escaped in an automobile with the flag of his regiment.

Once they pushed back the German tide for a mile or more to rescue some of their wounded from German hands.

"We saw then," a Bohemian soldier said afterward, "how the Germans hated us. They killed those of us they took prisoners. At one place the Germans hanged three Czechs on a tree. But we avenged our brothers. We had German prisoners whom we forced to take down the corpses of our brothers and bury them. And then the Germans were hanged from these very branches. An eye for an eye. The Germans made us ruthless."

Out of that battle of Tarnopol, into which three Bohemian regiments had gone, came one small battalion of Czechoslovaks alive. But the Czechoslovak, who had once been looked upon by the Russians as a mere Austrian or Hungarian from the district of Bohemia and counted as any other Austrian prisoner, had proved to the Russians and to the world that, by the ancient wrongs which his race had suffered and by his present hope to have these wrongs righted, he was entitled to membership in the brotherhood of the Allies. There are 13,000,000 of his kinsfolk, as pro-Ally as he, in the Austrian empire to-day.

From the Russian prison camps among the Austrian prisoners, the Czechoslovaks, before the revolution, had sent pleas to the Czar to permit them to go out and fight against the Germans and the Austrians, but the Czar kept them imprisoned. After the revolution a tired-looking, gaunt-faced man, a professor of philosophy in a university in Prague, once a member of the Austrian Reichsrath, found his way into Russia.

Quietly, but with a masterly ability at organization, he moved about among the Czechoslovak prisoners. He secured the release of thousands of them, in this camp and that. Time and again he requested Kerensky to permit him to form Czechoslovak regiments.

"They will fight to the death for the Russian cause," he told Kerensky.

But Kerensky knew as little as did the rest of the world about the burning desire of these men—a desire for freedom and liberty, handed down to them through almost four centuries. On a chance, however, he tried them in that July drive where, so far as their power went, they were like a devastating storm.

General Brusiloff, who had charge of the July offensive, said in one of the most remarkable official *communiques* issued in all this war, "The Czechoslovaks, perfidiously abandoned at Tarnopol by our infantry, fought in such a way that the world ought to fall on its knees before them."

Their spurs were won at Tarnopol. Kerensky gave them full rights in Russia as Allies and permitted them to form their own army.

And then the Czechoslovak romance began to come into the full view of all mankind. Freed from the war prisons, thousands of them, nearly all penniless, made their way on foot, on the roofs of trains, by rivers and by roads, to Kiev, where the Czechoslovak clans were asked to gather.

Masaryk, the tired looking professor, met them there and organized them. Kerensky helped them to get arms and ammunition. Masaryk, seeking out a military leader, chose General Deiderich, a Russian who had been

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Reproduction of posters spread widely in America, asking for volunteers for the Czechoslovak Army

driven out of his army by his Bolshevik troops. He found Deiderich in a railroad warehouse at Kiev, clad in overalls, working for his living.

Throughout all last winter, eating poor food and waiting in cold barracks for the chance to fight, the 80,000 "boys," as Prof. Masaryk called them in a recent talk I had with him in Washington, looked forward to the time when they could go to the Russian front again. But the front faded away in the peace of Brest-Litovsk.

"If we cannot fight the Austrians and Germans here, then we must go to the western front to fight them," the Czechoslovaks decided.

Masaryk agreed. He secured from the French Government the promise that his followers would be welcomed in France. He secured from Lenine and Trotzsky, the Russian Bolshevik leaders, the promise that his "boys" might move unmolested toward Vladivostok, where they could take ships for France. He secured promises of ships and of food and supplies, and on March 11th, of this year, he said farewell to his men in Kiev, and started for the United States.

"Conduct yourselves on your journey with moderation, like men worthy of liberty," he said to them, in parting. "And, chiefly, don't fight until you get to France."

The Czechoslovak did not depart from Kiev in one great body. It was necessary for them to move in small companies to suit the convenience of Russian trains.

Then, most unexpectedly, the Bolshevik Government one day issued the order that the Czechoslovaks were to be disarmed, wherever they were encountered. They were trailing in groups afoot, in wagons, and on trains along the route from Kiev to Vladivostok but, wherever they were, when they heard of the order, they knew to a man that here was German work. They sent emissaries to Lenine and Trotzsky, who threw them into jail.

Nobody was able to disarm them anywhere.

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In hundreds of villages along the route they proved, in small pitched battles with the Bolshevik troops, that they were good men at fighting. And this extraordinary thing happened.

Whenever the "boys" whipped the Bolshevik troops in a town and drove them out of it, the folk of the town held great rejoicing and gave them food and asked them to remain, or at least to leave a guard. Which they did. And before any one knew it, even they themselves, they were in control of all the towns and cities along 1,500 miles of the Trans-Siberian Railroad.

The Czechoslovaks themselves were perplexed in the same degree as the great Allied military leaders and statesmen were astonished.

Frantic messages were sent by the "boys" to Prof. Masaryk, in America, and to the headquarters of the Czechoslovak international committee in Paris, asking what they should do with Siberia. Here, in the midst of a pilgrimage, three-quarters of the way around the world, they had suddenly been saddled with the government and control of the strange, unknown country through which they were passing. Cortez, himself, and his handful of men, in wild unknown Mexico, had no more extraordinary experiences than they.

"Hold steady and sit tight," was the gist of the messages that went back. "We can't tell you yet what to do, because we don't know ourselves."

The main platinum supply of the world, at this writing, is under the protection of the Czechoslovaks when it might otherwise be in German hands. They stand between Germany and the great cotton districts in the south of Russia, and by their hold on the Trans-Siberian Railroad and the steamship lines of the Volga they prevent the return to Germany and Austria of thousands of released prisoners of war. And they are the nucleus of the Allies' present war revival in Russia.

In all this war, no one mere cluster of 80,000 men has done, for the benefit of the Allies, what these Czechoslovak soldiers have so romantically and unexpectedly accomplished in Russia.

And all the pay they will ask of civilization, when it is over, is that Bohemia and the Czechoslovak district, in Austria and Hungary, with 13,000,000 pro-Ally folk, shall be freed from Austro-Hungarian control and misrule and become an independent country.

Big beginnings, those American soldiers saw from the Tarnopol wheat field that July day!

To-day

By Jean Hickenlooper

I HEARD a blue-bird singing.
A moment I forgot
The truth of pain
And greed and gain—
A moment I forgot!

I saw a wild rose clinging—
A moment it was gone;
The press of life
And war and strife—
A moment it was gone!

I heard the church bells ringing—
My heart remembered then—
The toll of bell
For those who fell—
Ah—I remembered then!

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The Red Man's Red Cross

By Wentworth G. Field

THAT war, and rumors of war, should find their way to even our most retired Indian tribes is natural enough for, peaceable though they may be now, their ancient traditions are of war and death. Unexpected is the fact that the mission and the meaning of the American Red Cross movement have penetrated to the tribes that still retain much of their aboriginal life. It is not only the letter of the word that has come to them; the spirit of it has been grasped and accepted. They have entered into it as earnestly as have all other Americans. They have given of their best, of their goods and their hearts. This article tells of a Red Cross journey to the Pueblo Indians.

PERCHED on rocks five hundred feet higher than the surrounding mesa sits Acoma, "The Sky City" of the Pueblo Indians in New Mexico. They who would enter it must climb long and hard, struggling up cliffs in which are carved foot- and hand-holds. Its Indian citizens dwell in it to-day very much the same in outward circumstances as did their direct ancestors, when Coronado went there in 1540 with his Spanish adventurers and with the heroic Franciscan Brothers — the adventurers in search of gold and gems and the Brothers in search of souls.

The Red Cross in a Red Man's home near the Indian Pueblo of Santo Domingo, New Mexico

Among these remote people we Red Cross workers were received with willing attention The Indians gathered around us, and those who spoke English told their comrades what the Red Cross was, what it meant, and what they themselves could do to aid it. They nodded their heads. They understood, and when we departed, we left the wonderful old Sky City pledged to the Red Cross.

An automobile trip across the mesa took us to the next Indian town, Laguna. We were met by the "Governor," a Pueblo chief who told us his name. "I called Charlie Kay. Sounds German. But I ain't."

In Laguna that night a little audience of two hundred gathered in the Government schoolhouse under the auspices of the Presbyterian minister. There were Indians, Mexicans, and plain Americans. Mr. Robert Fraser, a young man from the Central Division of the Red Cross, who had seen active and dangerous service on the French front, aroused them to enthusiasm, and Laguna added itself to the cause.

One of our most interesting experiences was in a quaint old "Penitente" town. It had many of its sons already in the Government's military service and was ready and eager to give

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The start of the relay races at Taos, New Mexico, on San Geronimo Day

itself to Red Cross service. These "Penitentes" of New Mexico are an outgrowth of the third order of Saint Francis, and they still subject themselves to extreme and painful penance, especially during Holy Week.

Their religious zeal inspires them to astonishing fortitude under intense agony but it does not make them a grim people. Their courtesy to strangers is great. But let the stranger beware of trying to "kodak" any of their ceremonies.

In the "Penitente" stronghold we found our emblem displayed. We were there on Good Friday night and had the fortune to witness their Tenieblas service—the Dark Service, or reign of darkness in memory of the Saviour's agony on the Cross. When it was finished, and the candles were lit once more, we saw two enormous red crosses on the side walls of the morada (the Penitente meeting house), and in conversation with the Hermano Major (Elder Brother or Leader of the Penitentes) we found that all had a keen interest in the Red Cross.

At Espanola we had an unique gathering. My friend Santiago, ex-Governor of the near by Santa Clara pueblo, brought a lot of Santa Clara Indians. Since most of the audience understood only Spanish, we found an interpreter who put our English into Spanish very well, though some of the slang rather puzzled him, as when Mr. Fraser spoke of a young French girl as "very easy to the eye." To save the interpreter's mind, the classical description had to be re-stated in less modern English.

About thirty miles from Santa Fé is the charming old pueblo of Cochiti, where there are a mission and a good Government school.

These Indians cling closely to their old traditions and only once and most reluctantly gave me permission as a special proof of friendship to enter their kiva—the circular adobe building, entered only from the top by descending a ladder, which is used by the chiefs for tribal affairs.

A few weeks ago there appeared in Santa Fé some of the few surviving Cochiti chiefs, bringing with them their war bonnets, dancing moccasins, their paints, their ceremonial blankets and foxskins, and strangest of all, their Katcinas, the grotesque, highly painted doll-images that play a most important, mystic part in ceremonial dances. They said: "We have come to dance for you here in your Palace of the Governors. We do not want money for it. We want you to make much money and give it to the Red Cross!"

Next night, with the moonlight flooding the courtyard, they gave their weird, beautiful Cochiti ceremonial dance. Out of love for the Red Cross they had broken their traditions and traveled weary miles to add their mite to the cause.

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At the Red Cross Fronts

Farthest West with the Red Cross

Lucy Rosenberg, half Eskimo, half white, gave a real "widow's mite" to the Red Cross

Dorothy Bucklev and Elisivieta Makarin, two little Aleutian-Americans who are helping the Red Cross

I MADE a little start to write something about Red Cross work in these Aleutians," says the Deputy United States Marshal in a note hastily scribbled at Unalaska, "but I fell down on it as I have been so busy settling a strike over at a whaling station at Akutan and attending to other official business here. I neglected the matter, and now the steamer is here, waiting for the mail."

However, he managed to set down a few facts on a sheet of paper evidently torn in something of a hurry from a handy pad, perhaps while the steamer was whistling indignantly. This is what he wrote:

The Government headquarters of the Aleutian Islands is at Unalaska, something like 6,000 miles west from New York City. It is "north of 53." If you want to get an idea how far away it is, just think of Honolulu. Then add on 250 miles west. Then go straight north, and you will hit Unalaska. The inhabitants are mostly of Aleut blood, with the exception of Government employees and the "Jessie Lee" mission folks.

When the call went out for the Red Cross War Fund, the Deputy United States Marshal received a wireless message to "get busy." He did; and in one afternoon and evening he raised $495.80. Most of the subscribers were native Aleutians. To many, fifty cents or a dollar represented a really big sum—but they gave, and they knew what they were giving for.

There was, for instance, Lucy Rosenberg, daughter of a full-blood Eskimo woman and a white father. She had been born on an island in the Arctic Ocean, and had lived with her husband in an isolated, desolate spot on Unimak Island. When he died she came to Unalaska with two helpless children and got along as best she could. She was poor enough; but when the Deputy Marshal asked her if she wanted to give a little to the Red Cross, she wrote her name down and set opposite it, "$5."

"Oh, Lucy!" said he. "You can't afford that! One dollar is plenty."

"No, Marshal," she answered. "I want to give it to the boys over there. I can go without things. They can't."

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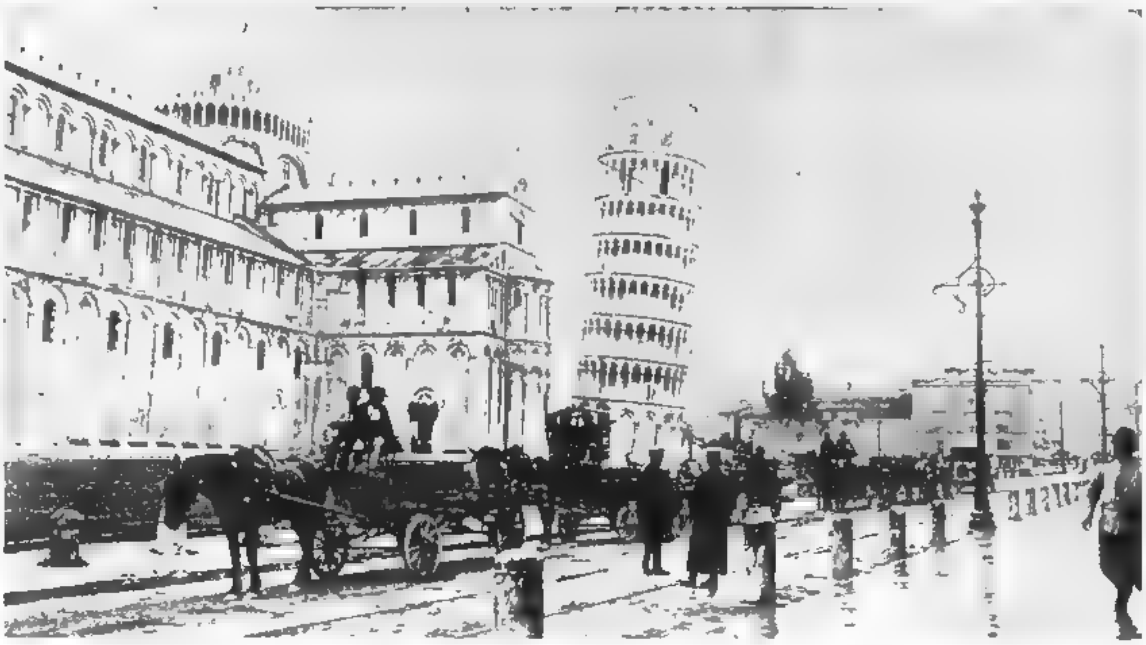
A Red Cross City in Italy



The American Red Cross is building a city of thirty acres in Pisa, including a church, a hospital, a school house, and a restaurant The trucks in this picture are carrying cement slabs to the new city site

Unloading the cement slabs at the Pisa freight station

The first building of the new Red Cross city

AFTER the first shock of the Austro-German invasion last fall, thousands of victims of the mailed fist poured through the cities back of the lines. For a time the refugee problem in its immensity was nearly overwhelming. One of its many solutions is the modern American town at Pisa which the Red Cross has constructed. It is housing now at least two thousand refugees.

The site of the town covers thirty acres. Upon it are rows of neat cement houses, surrounding a central square. A church and school house, a hospital and a public eating-house are included in the list of buildings. The ground was formally broken on May 1, 1918, by the American Red Cross. The greater part of the citizens of this new city are from Venice, and the traditions and accomplishments of that city will be carried on. There will be lace-making and cloth-making, shoe-making and many other industries.

As soon as possible the direction of affairs will be turned over to the Italians themselves.

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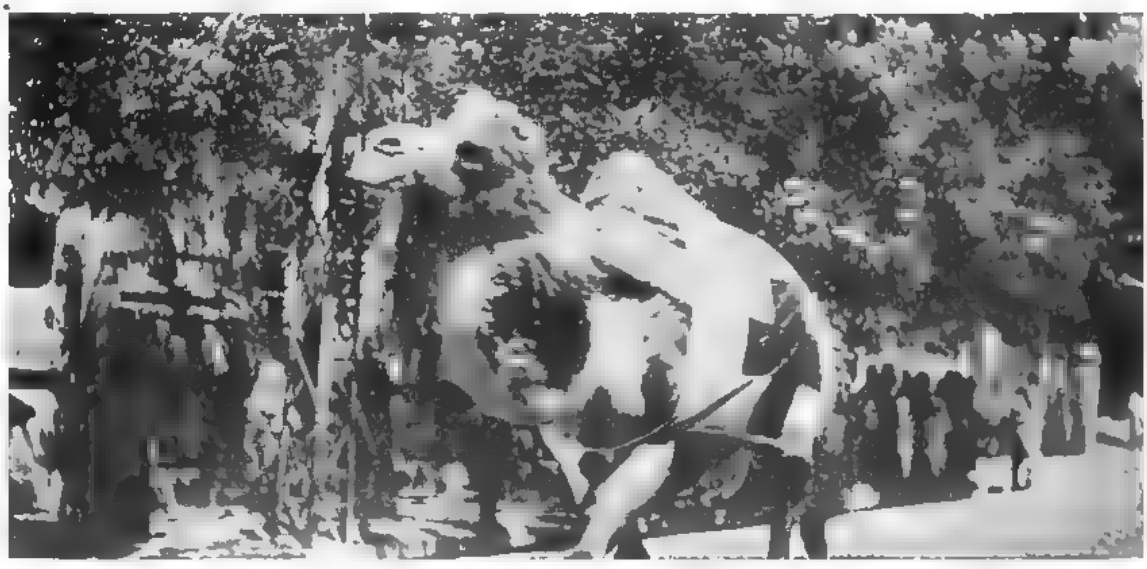
A Clearing Station Behind the Lines

This picture shows why the American Red Cross has been extending help to the Scottish Women's Hospitals, for that is where these men are to be sent

A Red Cross Dromedary in Dragon Land



This is the latest addition to the Red Cross zoology—a dromedary that was impressed to serve the cause by advertising a Red Cross fête in the streets of Shanghai, China

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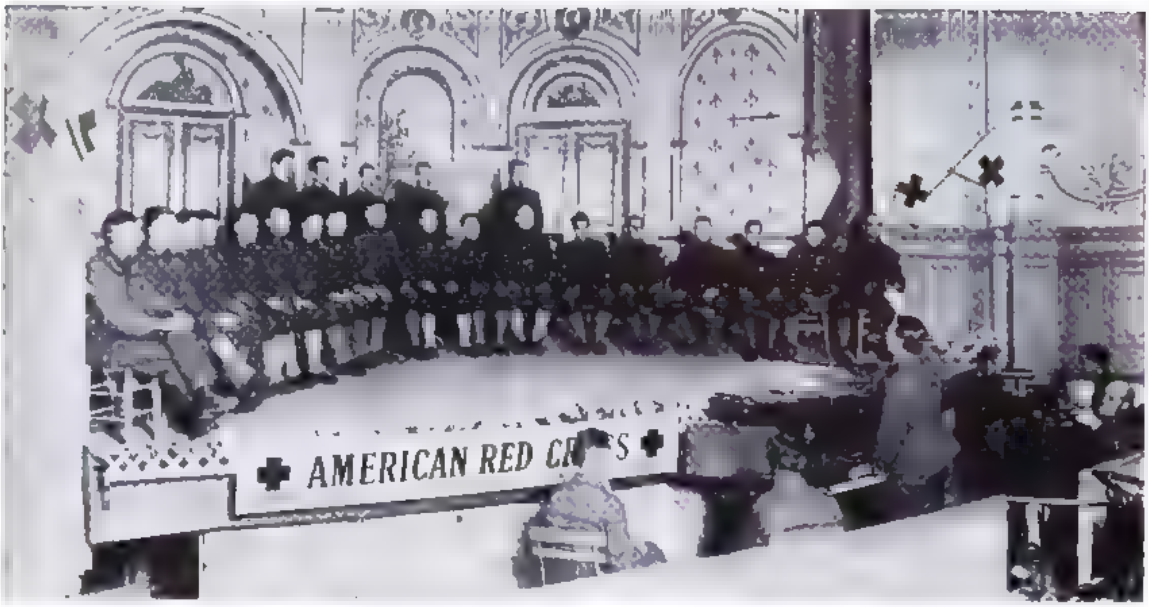
Red Cross Care for American Soldiers



A Red Cross theatre near one of our large hospitals in France, with a group of soldiers rehearsing for a minstrel show

The well-known baths at Contrexéville have been taken over by the Red Cross and are now used exclusively by the American soldiers. The smaller photograph shows the entrance to the baths: the larger, a line of soldiers getting the keys to their bathrooms

THIS page is offered to show some details of the Red Cross work. The maintaining of the morale of the soldier is a fundamental of our plans, and to do this, nothing is more important than baths and recreation. Many of the canteens now are furnished with baths and steam cleaners for the soldiers' clothes. Special buildings have been built where 200 soldiers an hour can have hot showers and get their clothes sterilized. Amusement is indispensable to the wounded and convalescent to stimulate and preserve the state of mind needed for complete restoration. The upper picture is an example of what the Red Cross does in this field

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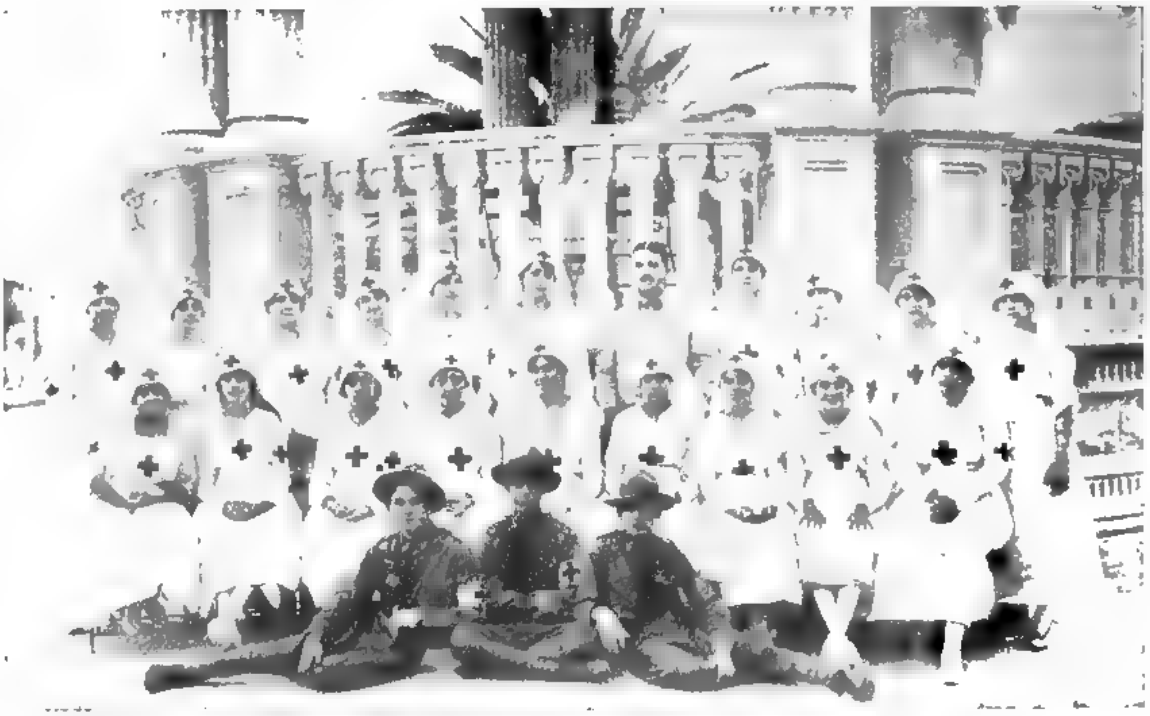
The Cubans are Enthusiastic Red Crossers



La Cruz Roja Americana—Red Cross girls and Boy Scouts of Cardenas, Cuba, who helped raise more than $6,000 for the Second Red Cross War Fund

THERE are few chapters of the American Red Cross in Cuba outside of the city of Havana, and comparatively few Americans. However, in many places the Cuban people themselves took up the work of the Second War Fund Drive. There was no literature, no posters, none of the usual aids to publicity, and but little time for preparation; but in spite of these hindrances, the Cubans went at the task quickly and enthusiastically. The idea of being able to help "*La Cruz Roja Americana*" seemed to appeal to them, particularly to those whose memories reached back to the days of the Cuban War

The gratitude that the Cubans feel for the work done by the American Red Cross when Cuba was struggling for her freedom is expressed in a letter written by a Cuban school teacher, and which was published in a Cuban newspaper. Here is part of the letter:

"When our native land was a victim of the martyrdom of war, decimated by the horrors of that unforgettable *reconcentración*, when hunger had seized our country, our women, our children, the American Red Cross, with maternal affection, extended protection to all our sad land. This has not been forgotten. Always we have guarded in the depths of our hearts the deepest gratitude for the Red Cross of that great country, great because of its power, great because of its magnanimity. And now has come the time to prove our gratitude."

The Governor of the Province of Matanzas issued a proclamation to the mayors of the towns in the Province to the effect that during the week of May 20-27 they should collect funds for the American Red Cross. The Mayor of Cardenas, a city of thirty thousand population, called together a group of business men who appointed a committee to visit the larger commercial establishments. About thirty girls from the various social organizations, together with a few members of the local company of Boy Scouts, organized a tag day.

The workers met with a ready response. The street cars, public chauffeurs and cabmen charged no fares for the girls; the cafés served them with "*refrescos*" free of charge; and in one of the large foundries the workmen collected $232.00 among themselves, nearly every man subscribing a half day's pay.

The work went on for two days only, but at the end of that time Cardenas' total for the American Red Cross was more than six thousand dollars. This amount becomes more impressive when it is remembered that Cuba has her own Red Cross organization, to which Cardenas has given liberally within the last few months.

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Red Cross Work in Faraway Sicily

The site of the American Red Cross seaside home for refugee and broken children at Taormina

Mother Mary's Workroom, under the care of the Red Cross, established to give work to the poor of Taormina

A dispensary and a diet kitchen carried on by the Red Cross in Taormina

THE Red Cross work in Italy is extending over the whole country. The food-kitchen work has notably increased, some of the kitchens feeding 3,000 a day In Villa San Giovanni alone, there are eight warehouses filled with food from America. Second only to the feeding and the clothing of the refugees are the work rooms where garments for thousands of Italian children are being made by Italian women in our own Red Cross work shop. The establishment of nurseries, too, is a necessary corallary to the work shops. There are now many of them, with some forty or fifty children under daily care at each, while the mothers are at work in fields or factories

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"Elsie"

War and the spirit of our boys as told by ELSIE JANIS

Reported by Reginald T. Townsend

THAT'S what the boys in khaki call her—"Joy Girl"—and you would understand why if you could see her at one of the training camps or in one of the hospitals in France, where she has been spending the last six months—yes, she can wear a service stripe!

One day I met her in the largest American hospital in Paris. She had sung in at least fifteen wards and was just leaving the last one when I caught up to her. "Speed Girl," as well as "Joy Girl," is Miss Elsie.

As she went out of the ward with a typical little Elsie Janish kick and a cheerful "Good-bye-ee!" a marine spoke up through a plethora of bandages. "Gee!" he said, "I hope they don't evacuate me to another hospital if you're coming back to-morrow!"

"Tell me, Miss Janis," I asked, "how did you happen to come over?"

"I didn't happen," she said. "I just had to. You see Mother and I are already war veterans. Can't I give you a lift into town and tell you the whole plot of the piece?

"When the war broke out in 1914, I was playing

"There wasn't much effort needed to cheer four or five thousand healthy youngsters"

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Elsie Janis, who for more than six months has been "doing her bit" by cheering up soldiers in training camps and hospitals in France

in England. After a few months I returned to America, firmly convinced that the United States ought to and, indeed, was going to enter the war with the Allies But others apparently didn't agree with me, so I went back to England to fill an engagement and to bide my time by singing to the 'Tommies.'

"Naturally, when we finally declared war and our men were in France in considerable numbers, nothing could keep me away; so Mother and I packed up our little kit bags and joined the party.

"Now it isn't always easy to go into a ward full of sick men; some with an arm or a leg propped up in midair in some kind of an apparatus—I call it a gymnasium—and others too sick to move. But right here I want to state that those kindly old ladies who potter about the hospitals draping roses over a fellow's bed, just when he has made up his mind that, after all, he is going to see home and Mother again, may have the best of intentions but what the boys want is just straight, honest-to-God cheering up. They like to be kidded about themselves and about their wounds

"I remember that one day, just when I had begun to sing a song—and singing a song without a piano or something to give you the key isn't easy, at least it isn't for me—a fellow lying in bed began to laugh. I jokingly said to him: 'Listen, I know my voice is funny but you might

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"All I have to do is to tell a few funny stories, sing a song, and get them started singing, leading them on like a college cheer-leader"

encourage me and not laugh at me.' 'Honest, Miss Janis, I ain't laughing. Only my toe itches an' I can't scratch it,' he said.

"'Why can't you?' said I.

"'Because the Doc cut my foot off yesterday.' And the laugh was on me.

"But the next day I went back to the ward and this time the poor fellow was groaning. Did I go up and sympathize with him? I did not. I didn't allow him to see my real feelings by any means. Instead, I stood at the foot of his bed and laughed. 'Ho-ho,' said I, 'yesterday you laughed at me. Now it's my turn to laugh at you,' and I got him so interested trying to stage a come-back that he forgot all about his hurt.

"But not all of my time has been spent singing to the wounded.

"When I first got to France in February, after cancelling my London contracts, I made trips to all the training camps. Those were great days! There wasn't much effort needed to cheer four or five thousand healthy youngsters whose only complaint was that they couldn't get their fingers on the Kaiser soon enough.

"One of the first times that I sang to the soldiers, they ran me right down on to the stage riding on the cowcatcher of an engine. I rushed to the edge of the platform and shouted: 'Are we downhearted?' You could have heard the ar that went up even in Berlin.

"The next is easy. All that I have to do is to tell a few funny stories, sing a song, and then get them started singing, leading them on like a college cheer-leader. It would do your heart good to hear them—especially when they roar out the last lines of 'Over There' and 'We won't come back till it's over over there'

"But sometimes there's a little bunch of homesick ones over in a corner whose, 'We won't come back till it's over over there,' wouldn't scare the family cat. So I hold the singing while I talk to the boys.

"'Look here,' I tell them, 'what right have you got, anyway, to cramp my style? I don't like this war any better than you do, but it's the only war we've got and we've got to make the best of it.' It usually gets them.

"The boys are great on parodies. One of their favorites is to the tune of 'The Long, Long Trail.' It goes like this:

There's a long, long trail a winding down to No Man's Land in France,
Where the shrapnel shells are bursting but we must advance.
There'll be lots of drills and hiking before all our dreams come true,
But we're going to show the Kaiser what the Yankee boys can do.

"Another prime favorite is, 'When Mr. Yankee Doodle Learns to Parlez-Vous,' or 'For

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Me an' My Girl.' Once, when I was singing the latter, there were a couple of Frenchmen in the ward, so I repeated the chorus in French. The funny part of it was that the Americans liked it so much that I have had to include it, as well as French versions of other popular rags, in my repertoire. However, the prime favorite in the hospitals is 'I Doan' Wanna' Get Well.'

"When I was singing this, one poor fellow who was lying in bed with wounds in both legs, so that they were held up in the air in a special apparatus, endeavored to keep time to my jazzing by wiggling his toes!

"But his nurse told me the next day that that night, for the first time, she had been able to change the dressings on his wounds without having him cry out with pain.

"It is rare that they ask for 'sad' songs and naturally I avoid them, but one poor lad who was very low kept asking me to sing 'Poor Butterfly' . . . Imagine me trying to sing 'Poor Butterfly,' can you? I tried to put him off by telling him, à la Eddie Foy, that he didn't want any 'shad shtuff,' but he was so insistent that finally I sang it as best I could. His face beamed with pleasure and, as they wheeled him away, he mustered enough strength to raise himself on his elbow and call out, 'Good-bye, Elsie!' Those were the last words he spoke. Two hours later he was dead.

"One notices a great difference between the men who have yet to go into the trenches and those who have just come out. As I said before, getting them started in the training camps was more or less a case of spontaneous combustion; but after they have been in, it is a different matter Then it is that they need real cheering up. You know that you can't be very cheerful after having been in mud for hours at a time, with shells dropping all around you, and maybe blowing your very best friend to Eternity. These men need a bracer.

"One evening I was singing to a bunch who had just come out of the trenches and they were brain-weary. There were no cries of 'Ataboy Elsie! We're all behind you!' Something out of the ordinary was needed. I happened to notice that many of them were carrying canes. Hastily I grabbed one from the nearest soldier. 'Hugh,' I said, 'I suppose you think that you are the whole cheese carrying a cane. But you can't fool me. I know what they are for—they're cootie scratchers,' and I proceeded to illustrate my point. It went over with a bang and the day was saved.

"The boys have their favorite stories as well as songs. One of them that always gets a big laugh is about two coons who were in jail together. Says Mose to Rastus: 'What yo' in foh, Rastus?'

"'Burnin' a house down.'

"'How long yo' got?'

"'Twenty yeahs. What yo' in foh?'

"'Murdah.'

"'How long yo' got?'

"'Three days.'

"'Looka heah, niggah, how come dat? Heah Ah burns a house down an' gits twenty yeahs and yo' kills a man and gits three days?'

"'Yas, but yo' see dey is gwine ter hang me Wednesday.'

"Here's another:

"'One night in the trenches a voice comes over from the German lines to the Yankee trenches.

"'Is id anypoddy dere from Pirmingham?'

"No answer. Again comes the voice:

"'Hallo! Is id anypoddy dere from Pirmingham? I god a vife and two kids dere.'

"Like a flash comes a growl:

"'Yes, an' if you don't darn well stick your bean down quick, you'll have a widow an' two orphans in Birmingham'

"But funnier than any stories are some of the tales the boys tell of their own experiences. One little fellow, with both legs gone, told me how he had crawled up a hill to where he could see the Boche plainly; but all of a sudden it occurred to him that if he could see the enemy they could see him. 'But,' I says to meself, 'they won't waste a shell on just me.' Just then a bunch of artillery guys come up 'Hey,' I yells, 'getta — outta here. Youse'll gum the game!' And sure enough I'd hardly gotten the words out of me mouth when—BLOOIE!—and I finds meself in the hospital with both legs gone.'

"Every soldier, from general to doughboy, to whom I have ever sung has always been so grateful and so enthusiastic that it has made me feel that although I can't carry a gun I have been able to do my bit in my own little way. Said a little cockney to me once, when I sympathized with him on the loss of his arm, 'Lor' luv'ye, Miss Janus, it moight 'ave been worse. Oi moight 'ave lost me heyesight an' then I shouldn't 'ave been hable to see you, Miss.'

"Could one ask for a greater reward?"

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The Lieutenant

By Centurion

Illustrated by PAUL MEYLAN

ON THE day he was born his father wrote two letters. One was addressed to the head of a certain school in a southern country; the other to the dean of a college at Oxford. For, like some London clubs, they took a good deal of getting into and his father, whose name was on the registers of both of them, determined to leave nothing to chance.

They called him Anthony—Tony for short. He began life with a face of extraordinary solemnity that was almost senile, but it grew younger as he grew older. His eyes, which were at first a neutral color inclining to mouse-gray, gradually changed till the irises revealed the deep brown tint of his mother's, so that when looking into them she seemed to be gazing into a mirror. But his nondescript nose took on the clear-cut Grecian profile of his father. You could see just that nose, slightly defaced by time, on the stone effigies of chain-mail knights in the village church.

One night, when he was about three years old, he was lying asleep in his cot in the nursery when a log fell from the untended fire and, sending up a spurt of flame, threw a gigantic shadow on the wall by his bed. He woke with a start and a cry, for the shadow was now leaping, now crouching, as though it were going to pounce upon him. And he cried lustily. The next moment there was a light footfall of bare feet, two soft arms were clasping his neck, and a shower of auburn hair, soft as silk, fell around his face. "What is the matter with Mummy's boy? Is he frightened then? Where's the little man who was going to kill Apollyon? What will poor Mummy do when she meets Apollyon if her little man is afraid?" "I'se not afraid," he said stoutly, his lips quivering. And after that, although he sometimes knew fear, he was never afraid. For he always remembered in the nick of time that some day Mummy would want him to fight Apollyon.

But he had made a great discovery—that he had two selves: the self which said "I am afraid," and the self which said "Go to! I am not afraid." And from that day he learned to despise the former and respect the latter. The first he called "Mr. Feeble Mind," and the second "Mr. Great Heart." And when he was sure he was alone he often talked with the former, hurling the most derisive epithets at it and bidding it get behind him, for it had an alias which was "Temptation."

His early world was bounded by a yew hedge which marked the end of the bowling green. The house was shaped like the letter "E" and had great gables with mullioned windows, whose leaden casements glowed like fire in the westering sun. Tony loved it at first because it seemed especially designed to enable him to play hide and seek in its oak closets, long corridors and deep alcoves, and he loved it to the end of his life because it was his home. Beyond the yew hedge was the paddock, beyond the paddock was the park, and above the tops of the beeches Tony could see the edge of the world, which was a chalk down. Beyond that chalk down, he felt assured, was the Celestial City, although he had heard grown-ups call it "the howizon."

He passed from the hands of a tutor to the public school for which his father had put his name down on the day of his birth. He began as the lowliest of fags. He came back after his first half with an immense stock of knowledge, not to be found in books, and a vocabulary which was unfamiliar to every one at home except his

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father—a vocabulary in which "to thoke" is to slack, "to brock" is to bully, in which "Longmeads" stands for a day off and "Moab" does duty for a lavatory. It is a vocabulary which once learned is never forgotten; men of his school speak it in the hill stations of India, on the African veldt, in the black flats of Australia, and wherever two or three of them are gathered together. Also he exhibited a discolored eye. At all of which his father rejoiced, but his mother was sorrowful, feeling that he had passed without the cloister of her heart. But in this she was mistaken.

In due time he reached the dizzy heights of the Sixth and became a prefect with the right to turn up his trousers and to wear brown boots, which is only permitted to the elect. Also, he won his cap as centre forward in the school fifteen. Small boys imitated him, big boys envied him, and he had a retinue of clients like a Roman patron. He put down bullying in his house with a strong hand—and other things.

Thence he went to Oxford. His name was already down on the books of his father's old college but, as it turned out, he needed no precedence, for he took a classical scholarship There he learned the same lesson that he had learned at school—namely, that the first thing to do is to

"The N. C. O. appeared at the dugout and raised the screen of sacking. Tony folded up the letter, sealed it, and addressed it"

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live down an outside reputation; the greater the reputation the more modest it behooves you to be.

Men sought him out and discovered his worth so that in his second term, when he lavishly returned the hospitalities of the first, the size of his battels drew a mild rebuke from the Dean. But beyond occasionally getting gated, he managed to keep on good terms with the dons, who can rarely resist the man who is at once an athlete and a scholar. After tubbing in the Morrison fours, he rowed seven in the Torpids, and his boat did a bump every night near the "gut." Great faggots blazed in the quad the last night. He got ploughed (was flunked) in Divinity Mods for a character sketch of St. Peter, which the Examiners voted learned but profane; your Anglican don does not like to hear that disciple described as "the *enfant terrible* of the Twelve." Also he entertained a Socialist chimney-sweeper in his rooms like a man and a brother, and (what was far worse in the eyes of Anglican dons) a Nonconformist draper with whom he insisted on discussing the right of entry in single-school areas. For it was his fashion to try all things.

His first long vacation was less than halfway through when a cloud no bigger than a man's hand rose upon the horizon. But in a few days the cloud grew bigger. The bank rate went up like a rocket, dark hints of "mobilization" appeared, the word "ultimatum" was repeated in the papers; one read curiously of an encounter between patrols on the Franco-German frontier and noted with consternation that a man had been killed. And then the storm burst The King called for men.

The cornfields were brilliant with scarlet pimpernel and rest-harrow; and the wheat, changing from sea-green to gold and heavy in the ear, gave promise of an early harvest. But father and son ceased to talk of days among the stubble; the boy was silent, until one day he announced his intention of "doing his bit." His mother turned pale but said nothing. That night she entered his room, according to her habit, to kiss him good-night. She went down on her knees beside him and with her arms around his neck said, "Don't—you are all I have." He looked straight into her face and said reproachfully, "Mummy! Who was it told me—do you remember?—never to fear Apollyon?" And from that moment she knew it was useless, nor did she try to dissuade him, for she would not have had it otherwise

He joined the O.T.C. He learned section drill, platoon drill, company drill, and many other things. And then one day he applied for a commission. He duly filled up all the interrogatories on M.T. 392, and against "unit preferred" he wrote the name of a well-known West Country regiment in whose officers' mess his family name was a household world.

"The boy took him up on his young shoulder-bad, but he labored on. A star-shell went

At the school of instruction he learned the art of war, his tutor being a major invalided home from the front, who taught him all that can be learned by oral instruction on rationing, patrols, relief by sections, and the making out of work-tables. And when all home-keeping folks were in bed, the major marched his pupils out in column of fours to a lacerated field where they practised "Night Op," with the aid of a trip-wire, a flare pistol, and implements of husbandry. The major was a wise man; he had drilled with the recruits of his own regiment on the square when he had been first gazetted from Sandhurst, and he held that the best training for an officer is to learn to do what you want done. Wherefore he made his cadets learn their job by the sweat of their brow, dig their own trenches, and throw out their own saps. "Always remember, when you begin to dig a sap, to put up a sand-bag on the end of a fork first; otherwise, you may never live to finish it."

The palms of their hands became as hard as cobblers', but it was good schooling, for it taught them the most valuable of all lessons—to know,

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ers and made his way back. Sometimes he fell, for the man was heavy and the ground up behind them, and the earth was suddenly stricken with a pallid glare of light"

when they were giving orders, exactly how much they were asking their men to do. And in dealing with men this is the beginning of wisdom. Also, he gave them two pieces of advice, one of which was that at mess you are practically on parade and should behave accordingly; the other, that the first duty of a young officer is to place the comfort and well-being of his men before his own. But, being a gentleman, Tony did not need to learn the one; and having been head of his house he had already learned the other. So that when the O.C. sent in his report upon him, on his "paper-work," "bearing," "punctuality," and "power of handling men," he marked the first three "good" but the fourth "excellent."

The major must, I think, have taken rather a fancy to him, for one day he asked him if he knew anything about revolver shooting, and, on being answered in the negative, he took him privily aside and taught him a thing or two—first, that you mustn't grip the revolver too tight or it will throw your wrist off; second, that you really fire with the whole hand rather than with the trigger-finger and should absorb the shock into your whole frame; and, last and greatest of these, that in shooting a descending figure you should incline the whole body as you lower the arm and never make a series of elbow-jerks. At the end of it all Tony plugged the target with six shots in an eight-inch circle and the major gave him his blessing—and his revolver. He was to owe his life more than once to what the major had taught him.

Then he joined his battalion and was put in command of a platoon.

The first thing he did was to get to know his men. He taught them that cleanliness was next to godliness and, having commended their souls to the padre, he devoted himself to their bodies. He made them take off their caps on parade to see if their hair was parted, and hold out their hands like bishops at confirmation to see if their finger-nails were clean. Also, he encouraged them to play "footer," which keeps the pores open and is an infallible remedy for "grouse" disease. And one night, in one of the hutments, he talked to them like a man and a brother on the history of the regiment. He told them of a certain glorious episode in the defence of the Residency in virtue of which they were entitled to call themselves "L.I.," and how the soup-tureen, now safely banked with the regimental mess plate, got the hole in it. Also, why they were entitled to wear a red flash on their hats and a half-red puggaree on their helmets, in virtue of their having shown the red feather by way of

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biting their thumbs at Montcalm's men in Quebec. And other such things, till his men felt —and as things turned out later, proved—that the honor of the regiment was dearer to them than their lives. They began to think better of the geometry of platoon drill after this; and to see that platoon, advancing in column of fours, form forward into column of sections when he uttered the words, "On the left, form sections," was as good as watching the rhythmical swing of a well-stroked eight. And by reason of all this, the O. C. commended him, the captain of his company cherished him, and his platoon-sergeant delighted to do his bidding. And when the battalion went route-marching over the downs, moving like a long caterpillar as each section of fours rose and fell over the crest, and he marched at the head of his platoon, he felt it was good, very good, to be alive.

He went out with his battalion to the front. His letters home told his mother that he was having "a ripping time." He did not tell her that he wrote them in a cave of clay with his feet in water and his head in a cloud of smoke from damp coke and damper wood. He endured, without grousing, rain and cold and frost and mud and, what was far harder to bear, a sad deficiency in machine guns and trench mortars that were made out of stove pipes. He went through the second battle of Ypres; and when his company officer and all his fellow officers were knocked out, he carried on with a handful of men, in a hole about the size of a dewpond, and saved the position. The next thing he knew was that his name appeared in the "Gazette" with the Military Cross. The only comment he made was that other fellows had a better claim to it—which was untrue. And when he came home on seven days' leave his mother discovered that her boy had become a man. At twenty he was wise with the wisdom of thirty-five —wiser, perhaps, for he had seen things such as come not once in a generation to the sons of men. His leave coincided with one of those recurrent interludes in which that elusive mirage, "the end of the war," appears before the wistful eyes of men, and they talked of his future at Oxford. But he shook his head.

"No," he said pensively. "I shall never go back, Mummy—I couldn't. My year's scattered like the leaves of the forest," he went on as, with his back to them, he gazed through the window at the dead leaves spinning under the beeches in the park. "And, anyhow, I'm too old." This at twenty. But they knew what he meant and talked of the Bar, a seat in Parliament, Quarter Sessions. To all of which he returned no answer.

He went back. They saw him off by the boat-train from Victoria. He held his mother a long time, and kissed the eyes into which his own had first looked when he opened them in wonder upon the world. And father and mother went home together to the big country house which suddenly seemed to have grown still bigger, so forlorn and empty did it seem.

One night he had to go out on patrol—a reconnoitring patrol, which is always a small affair and does not command the full complement of a fighting patrol. He sat in his dugout writing a letter home on the flimsy of a "Messages and Signals" form. The N. C. O. appeared at the dugout and raised the screen of sacking. Tony folded up the letter, sealed it, addressed it, and marked the envelope, "To be forwarded only in the event of my death." Then he examined the chambers of his revolver and rose and went out into the night.

Far away, across a sodden land lit up by the flashes of guns like sheet-lightning, across a waste of waters where a chain of destroyers rose and fell with the Channel swell, beyond the rolling downs of a south country, a woman in a great house awoke, with a cry, out of a troubled sleep and put out her hand. "Jack," she said, "Tony's dead."

Her husband woke with a start and bent over her.

"Nonsense, Mary," he said with faltering lips. "you've been dreaming." She was sitting up in bed, a shower of hair, still auburn and still soft as silk, falling about her shoulders as she gazed at the window. She sank back and buried her head in the pillows.

"No!" she said. "I've seen him."

Three days later a boy came up the drive with an orange-colored envelope in his hand. The father saw him approaching from the dining-room window, and something pierced him like a two-edged sword. He learned—but that was later—that Tony had gone out on patrol with a corporal; they had been surprised by a party of the enemy and the N. C. O. had got badly hit. He begged Tony to leave him. But the boy took him up on his young shoulders and made his way back. Sometimes he fell, for the man was heavy and the ground bad, but he labored on. A star-shell went up behind them, and the earth was suddenly stricken with a pallid glare of light. Then a hail of bullets enveloped them and the boy fell—this time to rise no more. The corporal said afterward—this to the boy's parents when they went to see the corporal in hospital—that the boy had said something at the last. "Something I couldn't quite understand, ma'am, not being a scholar like him—something that sounded like 'Apollyon.' But I fancy his mind was wandering-like. And he never said no more."

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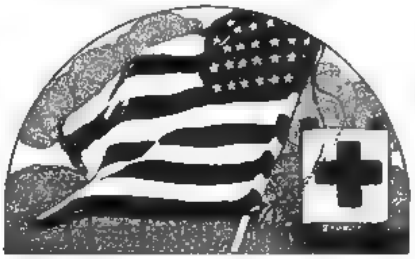
Help the Nurses to Go to Our Wounded



WITH the entrance of our country into war, the Army and Navy called upon the Red Cross for 27,000 nurses by January 1, 1919. By August 1, 1918, practically half of them had been supplied. Increasing number of troops, active participation in the great drives, mounting casualty lists, all mean that more and more nurses must go with the colors.

Now comes a call from Surgeon-General Gorgas for 1,000 graduate nurses per week, or 8,000 by October 1st. Only graduate nurses can enter the Army and Navy Nursing Corps This means withdrawal of many nurses from private practice. It means that civilians must conserve nursing skill to the uttermost in order that nurses may be freed to go to military hospitals. Not a single nurse must be wasted. Every graduate nurse who cannot go with the troops must make her skill available, through hospital or other public nursing channels, to the largest possible number of civilians.

Employ a nurse when absolutely necessary and release her as soon as possible. Use hospitals and public nursing agencies wherever available, instead of monopolizing the entire time of a nurse for a single patient. Take the Red Cross course in home care of the sick, and become able to care more intelligently for minor illnesses in your home when no nurse is obtainable.

Encourage nurses to enroll with the Red Cross for duty in the Army and Navy Nursing Corps. Help to send 1,000 nurses a week to care for our soldiers in France. There is no greater need for nurses, no greater work for them to do, than at the battle front of our armies.

Help the wounded and also help maintain the health of the civilian population, our second line of defense.

Apply for information at your Red Cross Chapter or your Division Headquarters.

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Finding a Way

What the Junior Red Cross is doing

By Dr. H. N. MacCracken

THIS is the first of a series of monthly articles on the Junior Red Cross, recording its development and supplying material for an educational program. The purpose of these articles is to carry definite information to general readers, teachers, and pupils.

HAVING grown in ten months from nothing to a membership of 8,376,634, the Junior Red Cross opens its second year with the hope of increasing this number by one half It has proved itself a valuable factor in education and a tremendous outlet for the spirit of the Red Cross. The aim of this year's work will be a close integration with the school program and with the Red Cross chapters.

The first year of the Junior Membership has brought a common conviction to all who have felt the strength of its forward impetus. The Junior Red Cross has come to stay—established in the hearts and by the hands of the children of America

Almost endless is the roster of the things the Juniors have made and done during the past year. In sewing classes and in volunteer groups outside of school hours, children have made very nearly three hundred thousand refugee garments, as well as hospital supplies and knitted articles. Even the tiniest kindergartner has had a share in this work, stringing together the proper number of buttons for one garment or patiently "snipping" the left-over scraps to fill comfort pillows. Knitting no longer belongs to the feminine gender. Boys are proud to "knit for the soldiers," and they rival the girls in speed and accuracy. One champion has set a record of a sweater a week, and "knit or fight" has sometimes become the working basis of school societies. And many of the *real* heroines of the war can be found among the teachers.

In schools that have manual training shops, the boys have made furniture and hospital supplies. During the past year, for instance, the Red Cross built twenty-six convalescent houses for disabled soldiers, and for each of these houses American school boys made two hundred pieces of furniture. They are now at work on the furnishings for twenty-four more such houses, as well as fifty-one nurses' recreation houses.

In towns as far separated as Spokane, Washington, and Bangor, Maine, boys to-day are making

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Making refugee garments in the Westport High School at Kansas City, Missouri, using three small boy models

The work of the Schenley High School of Pittsburgh, as shown in the National Exhibit which was held in that city in early July

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splints and temporary peg-legs, bed tables and potato mashers and tool chests, which will be used, by the Surgeon-General's request, in army hospitals here and in France. In Pittsburgh and many other places, boys who have their own workrooms are keeping their local chapters well supplied with packing boxes. They have also made knitting needles by hand, using jack-knives, sandpaper and steel wool.

All the materials for the supplies made in the schools have, in the majority of cases, been paid for by the children. The school auxiliaries have been self supporting. Perhaps the fact that this is merely another way of giving to the Red Cross has been responsible for the enthusiasm which has inspired the children in their attempts to secure funds for this work.

Apparently they have left untouched no lucrative field. The individual contributions of pennies, nickles and dimes represent a tremendous sacrifice of the luxuries of childhood—the ice-cream cone, the stick of gum and the movie show. The variety of jobs undertaken to earn" Red Cross quarters" defies classification. One enterprising weather prophet "stood on the corner with an umbrella and took people home from the car for five cents."

Entertainments, bazaars and the organized collection and sale of salvage, projects requiring real business management, have been successfully undertaken. The Minneapolis School Bazaar, all the stock for which was made in the schools, cleared $4,000 in four days. In Des Moines, Iowa, the children collect and pack the surplus fruit and vegetables of the whole city for the Red Cross market. Toy-making has become a permanent and lucrative industry in Los Angeles school auxiliaries. In the same city the children collected $3,927.27 worth of salvage in four months.

Boys and girls, as well as adults, are members of their local Red Cross chapters, and can do a large part in making them efficient organizations. In many places they have served as stenographers and packers, distributed campaign literature and marched in parades. Several towns have bicycle corps ready at a moment's notice to serve the local chapter.

In Arizona the boys and girls collect tin cans which strew the tracks of the transcontinental railroads, bale them in hydraulic presses and sell them in carload lots to copper smelters. Last winter, in a Hudson river town, children followed the men who were dynamiting ice

Pittsburgh boys making cutting tables for Red Cross work rooms

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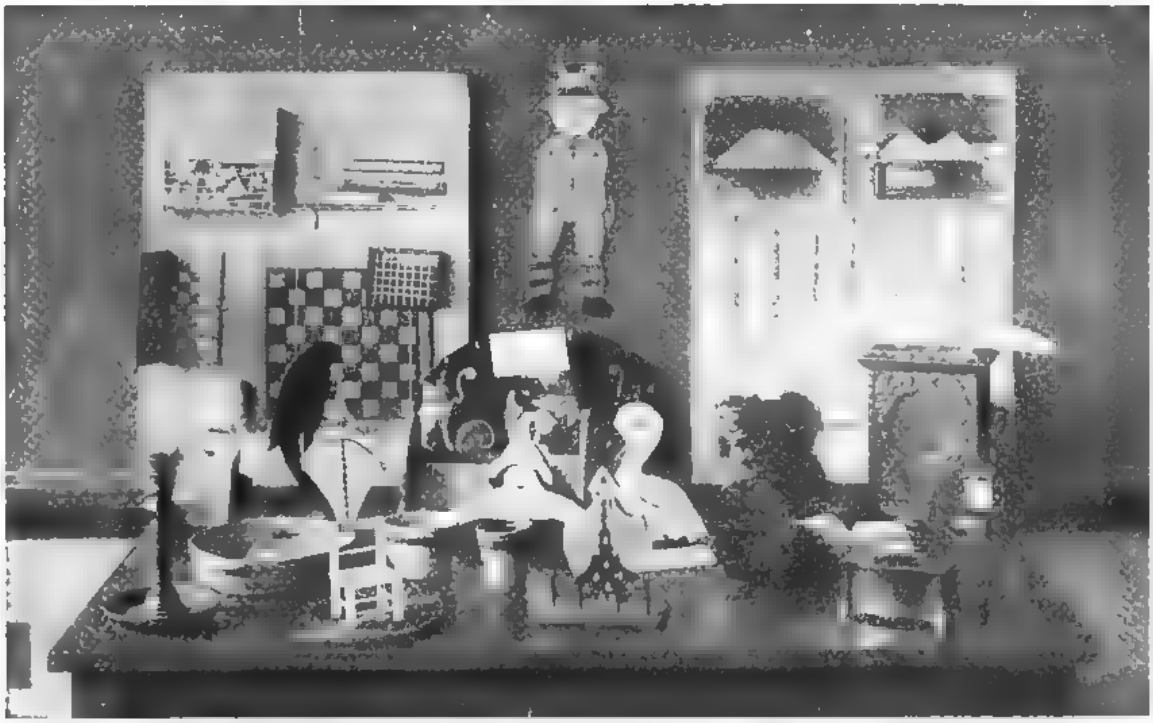

The Red Cross Juniors of Los Angeles supplied the city's Christmas trade with toys like these sold in Red Cross shops. The baskets shown in the picture were woven by little Indians from the Southwest

jams and captured the fish stunned by the explosions. Some rural schools in New Jersey increased their school fund by selling arbutus in the hotels of Atlantic City.

The children of Lemhi County, Idaho, picked 500 pounds of wool off bushes and fences in the ranches, where the sheep had been scraping themselves, and gave it to the local chapter to be made up into sweaters and socks—an example which, however fascinating, cannot be followed by other auxiliaries in the United States whose members have no chance to go "wool-gathering."

These few instances give some idea of the varied activities of the Juniors. The Junior Red Cross to-day indeed finds itself engaged in doing almost as many things as there are miles between the Atlantic and the Pacific, but always with one object—national service.

Red Cross garments, furniture and rugs for Red Cross houses must, it is true, be perfect to be accepted. But their acceptance is for every child an open sesame to the greatest drama in the world to-day Every school girl sees the little cloak she has sewed wrapped about a French girl just come to Evian from behind the German lines. Or she dreams of a heroic, mudstained figure, pausing to pull on *her* sweater. The school boy pounds his nails harder and straighter than before, as he thinks of a soldier's elbows sprawled above *his* table, while writing a letter home. Patriotism and interest automatically raise individual standards to meet these high requirements, and the Junior Red Cross has become that valuable factor in education—a motivator. The work done in departments of art, design and cooking for Red Cross bazaars, benefits from the same strong stimulus. Indirectly, these articles are all being made "for the soldiers." Moreover, they must meet the test of the open market. The children find themselves partners in a business enterprise that demands their best efforts.

This sense of national responsibility, created by giving the children a part in the common service rendered by the whole nation to our soldiers, our sailors, and our Allies, can put new life into almost every study in the school curriculum. Composition, dramatics, health, games, arithmetic, drawing, geography, civics, history—the motor of patriotism can put force and driving power behind every one of them. The educational program of the National Red Cross is now ready to prove it throughout the country, as it has already done in scattered instances.

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As the West Sees the War

By Anne Shannon Monroe

Author of "Happy Valley—A Story of Oregon"

BUT nobody told me the Navy was on the water."

He was a giant, husky Westerner of six feet two, a reddened, wind-whipped protesting son of the plains, smelling of sage brush and leather, and looking earnestly from a pair of honest blue eyes into the puzzled face of the curt young officer to whom he had been ordered to report. He had just arrived at the training station, and had bucked vigorously against going farther with the affair. The officer had thereupon reminded him that he had enlisted of his own free will, that he, himself, had chosen the Navy, and that now he should stand manfully by his guns; and then had come the astounding statement quoted above.

It will be difficult for the average eastern American to credit this story, because the average eastern American does not know his America; he knows only its deep, gray, city cañons of stone and mortar, its cubby-hole dwellings, its snug little towns of close neighbors and ice-cream soda fountains and movies and vacant-lot gardens and veranda knitting, its wheatless days and stores where one buys flour and bacon and ham and yarn, and its recruiting stations and soldiers and marines on every street. He does not know the America that sweeps off to the northwest and beyond the Rockies to the sea; the America that produces the timber that goes into the making of great ships; he cannot visualize the wheat, the herds of cattle, the flocks of sheep, the droves of hogs that in turn supply the flour and the beef and the pork and the mutton—and the yarn—upon which the armies of civilization are to-day depending to see them through to victory.

It is this lack of knowledge of America's wide-sweeping western country that makes it possible for the eastern writer or speaker to proclaim every now and then that the West does not know we are at war, that the West is asleep; he does not hear any shouting from her plains and, mistaking silence for insensibility, he interprets her condition as one of somnolence.

A short time ago the name "Oregon" was flashed over the wires as the first state "over the top" in the third Liberty Loan; she had been well among the first in the second Liberty Loan and in the first Liberty Loan, and also in supplying Red Cross ammunition and in getting her full quota of enlisted men at the President's first call for volunteers. She has not been a slacker in any department of national service since we entered the great war, nor has she needed any inducement, other than native patriotism, to make her meet her allotted obligations—and something over—whenever the Government has called. And Oregon pretty well represents all the other Western states.

The West—the old West which still lies deep down under the veneer of convention that characterizes much of the modern West—is not prone to talk. The true Westerner is still a silent sort, bred in the dignity of the great plains or the interminable mountains. He knows that the words of the real fighter are few but his aim deadly; that the shouting, wild-eyed, teeth-showing youngsters who come galloping into a cattle town brandishing revolvers and playing the part of "bad men," as they conceive it, are seldom the doers of the thing portended.

He knows that the man who has a fight on has no energy to waste; that talk makes vent valves in his fighting machinery and that he needs his fighting machinery sound for blows. He knows, too, that a man doesn't have to be mad to fight; that rage weakens the power for the act; that rage is futility, that a demonstration of temper is weakness and any assertion under temper is weak. He knows that the bellowing, bawling, pawing bull is a licked bull, the bull he mistrusts is the quiet, dignified, deliberate animal.

The Westerner knows that it takes strength and coolness to win any kind of a fight and the

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thing he loves best in President Wilson, the thing that is tempered to his own quality, is the calm, unhating way he handles the big fight. Thus it is characteristic of the Westerner—the Northwesterner beyond the Rockies that I know intimately, and I believe of all the West—not to parade and hurrah, but to grip his plow handle or his gun with fingers of steel, his eye fixed on the target of his personal efforts to win the war.

But to return to the protesting buckaroo who, for twenty odd years, had met calmly the uncertainties of life perched on the heaving quarter-deck of a bucking broncho but could not nerve himself to face the terrors of the heaving sea, the only way to get his point of view is to be able to realize that, for him, the surface underneath had always stood still. He was prepared to negotiate any and every sort of loop or twist into midair from the back of any horse, but he must be able to rely on the surface beneath the horse remaining an unmoving, unvarying element. He could not contemplate, with any serenity whatever, reversed conditions—himself stable, and the surface underneath doing the pitching and heaving. He was transferred to the Army and I believe met no more insurmountable obstacles.

The bronzed and rangey men arriving on every train into Western cities to answer Uncle Sam's call are the men who have furnished such difficult problems at the cantonments in the matter of khaki suits and boot sizes, the men for whom Uncle Sam has provided no clothes sufficiently large. But one who knows the cattle ranches cannot help picturing, as an accompaniment to their prompt appearance at the recruiting stations, the dropped reins, the thrown down rope, the branding irons cooling in coals, the fields of hay becoming over-ripe. For these conquerors of America's last wilderness left everything without question, or glance backward, and rushed off to help conquer a foe they heard battering at America's farthermost gates. They are frontiersmen, you see, and it has been the frontiersman's way from the beginning of time to drop instantly whatever he was doing at the danger alarm—savage Indians of a generation ago, forest fires or a stampede of wild cattle to-day—and throw himself bodily against the common foe. It is his heritage, his instinct; there has never been any private business on the frontier when an enemy threatened the security of the settlement; and there is no room for private business in the deep still heart of a true frontiersman when an enemy bristles at his country's gates.

I had spent considerable time in different parts

These two older children arrived home late one stormy night last winter, driving in a small bunch of their father's strayed cattle. They illustrate the added responsibility which the family at home has taken on since the war started

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Young women from nearby towns raking hay on an Oregon ranch, thus taking the place of men who have gone to the front

of the remote cattle and sheep land which comprise two-thirds of the great state of Oregon, and I had been astonished to find there so vast an area, practically unsettled, given over to cattle which graze on the hills—an empire itself shut off from railroad, hemmed in by mountains. I obtained maps and discovered that several Eastern states could be lodged without crowding within its borders. I found, in fact, that the very cream of the old original Oregon country, for title to which we are indebted to Lewis and Clark, was shut off in this mighty cattle and sheep domain; that the part of the "Oregon Country" known to Americans generally, the part that lies along the coast and includes the cities of Seattle, Tacoma, and Portland, is but its fringe, its outer edge convenient to sea travel, and that the main bulk of the original grant lies far away from ports and railroads.

Particularly shut off from railroads is the region sweeping from the Columbia River south to the borders of California and Nevada. All through this region I found that the cattle ranches ran into thousands of acres and were of the old type, maintaining in every detail the manner of life of the earliest cattle times. There were the cook house, the bunk house, the singing, swinging-gaited buckaroos and the endless business of cattle—running cattle, branding cattle, buying cattle, selling cattle, making ropes to "lass" cattle, braiding horsehair "mecates" and raw cowhide riatas; the talk being of range, the condition of grass in the higher hills, the lower hills, the farther pockets, water, salt—and back again to cattle. I saw thousands of handsome Herefords patiently waiting for a transfer to other feeding grounds; I saw cow ponies "lassed" and broken to the saddle, and corral exhibitions in the daily business of the ranch that would put any prescribed round-up performance to shame. And most interesting of all I got the cattleman's attitude toward his work, which promises well for his usefulness to Uncle Sam in the present war.

The cattleman knows no hours; he knows only to do the thing he sets out to do, whether it takes him a day, a week, or a month. With a mess wagon following, he starts off across the plains and is soon swallowed up in the innumerable folds of mother earth; somewhere in those folds cattle have wandered and he must find them; he may run short of grub and water, but he will go on till the strays are overtaken. The buckaroo is a cheerful soul; he takes everything that comes to him as part of the regular business of the day,

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meeting the most unexpected happenings with a laconic indifference that suggests a comfortable philosophy. He is never in a hurry—and he is never idle.

I also visited among the homesteaders, the newer settlers who had more recently accepted Uncle Sam's offer of 320 acres in exchange for making a home there.

In one valley 250 families had filed on claims. Everywhere were buoyancy and hope; everywhere I found that forward-looking vision and good cheer that invariably characterize the home seeker on the soil of the West.

I saw this great country of the homesteader and cattle man by "parcel-post," as it were, for I travelled several days with a cheerful old mail carrier, a typical plainsman. It was a wonderful sight from the top of the heavily loaded stage, like some vast gray ocean, the occasional cabin against the undulating sage appearing as a bit of drift far from shore. But when we could stop at one of these cabins, instantly I would lose the impression of endless unoccupied space in the intimacy of the homesteader's activities. There were grubbing, plowing, planting, the women and men generally working together, the children finding sport in taming a coyote, or setting a trap for timber wolves, or shooting jack rabbits; all of them eternally occupied with the business of making a home in the country.

Then came the war. Who now runs the cattle, brands the calves, "lasses" the steers, makes the hay? Probably among all the industries of the nation none is so crippled as the cattle industry, whose operation requires men experienced both in the work and in the country. A complacently made suggestion was that high-school boys and pool-room loafers be sent to the ranches to take the places of the enlisted men. This suggestion was probably based on the requirements of the usual Eastern farm where rows of onions are to be hoed, potatoes "bugged," a couple of cows milked, and the hogs fed. It would be a different thing for the average high-school boy or pool-room loafer to find himself far out on the plains alone, trying to keep his seat on a tricky broncho and at the same time coil a rope and let it fall with nicety of calculation over a wild steer's head; or deftly to throw a calf and brand him without injury to himself or the calf; or to locate the place in the folds of the hills where a spring never goes dry; or to know instinctively where to look for cattle that had had the run of

A "close-up" of a threshing machine

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the range all summer from Washington to California. It would be interesting to see him driving several hundred hogs to a market one to two hundred miles away, and managing the drive so as not to lose too much weight, and yet not to run short of feed; or tending a flock of sheep, getting them comfortably to water and good grass, detecting the first appearance of disease, taking care of the young in lambing season, and later shearing the whole flock.

No, the work of the stock country is not learned in a book, nor in a season But just what do they do, those left at the back of the Northwestern cantonments? The detail, after all, is unimportant when the spirit is right; and the spirit –well, they are the old men and the women folk and the children of those who have gone to the front; and they applied themselves heroically to the task Where formerly wives and daughters of the ranchers occasionally would ride out to the range and help "run" cattle as a holiday from cooking, or round up hogs in the swamps for the sport of the thing, or coil and throw ropes in competition with their men, now they accept all these as part of their regular duties.

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Roping a yearling at a 30,000 cattle ranch in California —showing the type of the "buckaroo," who dropped his work and rushed to enlist in his country's service

And the homesteaders, so eager to get on with their plans –well, they saw they couldn't do it this time The dream would have to wait. All the little cabins that housed so much hope are empty, and the tented cities have vanished; their occupants have gone to help save the crops on the already producing ranches where thousands of acres of hay must be harvested—women, young boys and old men mounted mowing machines and swallowed dust and mopped perspiration while they toiled from sunrise to sunset to save the winter feed for the stock. Young women in towns heard of the pressing need for workers in the hay fields and joined the ranch women: and the news traveled farther, till in one locality 5,000 city school teachers offered their vacations for the next year, that the ranchers might know in advance what assistance they could count on.

The spirit that dominates even the little children of the ranches is illustrated by the heroic behavior of two youngsters, of eight and six years, who were accustomed to riding six miles over the mountain to attend school. It was a long ride and hazardous in bad weather. One afternoon in early winter they did not reach home at the usual time and, as a storm was brewing, their mother became anxious. It grew dark, and still the children did not appear; the mother was not actively uneasy, but she would exclaim from time to time, "I wonder what can be hinderin' them kids!" At length the grandfather started out with a lantern to find them, it then being very dark and stormy. He hadn't far to go, for he met the children at the foot of the mountain. They were driving in a small bunch of cattle that they had come upon; and, recognizing their father's brand, they had not hesitated to do their duty. "There were two little calves; that was what made us so late," Sis solemnly explained. The children could only go as fast as the little new calves could walk.

There were no heroics over their deed; it was life—the expected thing in the range country.

No, all the bravery has not gone to the front and all the loyalty is not in the East. When you hear a speaker bemoan the fact that the West is not "awake," that it does not know that we are in the war, just remember that the West is too

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Women in the employ of the Northern Pacific Railroad unloading lumber. This railroad is now employing 350 women in work that was formerly done by men

intensely occupied in providing its share of the sinews of war, without the aid of its stalwart men. to do any talking or complaining.

The war work of the women in the Northwest has by no means been confined to supplanting the men in fields and shops: They have shouldered the burden of meeting Red Cross needs as staunchly as though that alone were their war responsibility. The Red Cross is thoroughly organized throughout all the Western states with a membership in many of them almost tallying with the population.

Through the local chapters in the Northwest the women give of their time, their strength, their products, their purses, and their ingenuity in constantly devising new methods for raising money and getting service. Superfluity shops are established in nearly all the towns and cities, and to these are brought not only household possessions that can be spared, but from the ranches come calves, colts, hens, and sheep. It is no uncommon thing to see a sign on a shop door which reads: "Cow and young calf for sale." Calves that have been given to ranch children for their own and that have been pets for months are nobly given to the Red Cross. Schoolgirls have formed themselves into clubs and have gone into the fields to pick berries all day long in the hot sun, and then have given their earnings to the Red Cross or have put them into War Savings Stamps. Salvage stores have been opened, and women are daily driving great trucks and gathering up tin cans, rags, bottles, old rubber tires, metals, bed springs, paper; and at the stores other women handle with their own hands this mass of conglomerate junk, sorting it for re-distribution. Every morning young women go into the cities and towns with baskets full of rosebuds which they sell on the streets for the Red Cross; the ladies' aid societies of the churches have automatically become Red Cross societies, as have so many of the organized clubs; all this in addition to the knitting which seems to have no beginning and no end

There is a sentiment abroad in the Western land that nothing must be purchased in the way of a gift until first the Red Cross shops are visited; and that no day's shopping is complete until it includes a visit to one of these shops. The Western states go right on working and giving and praying, and they will go right on working and giving and praying until this war is history

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Strong Life—Long Life

OUR soldiers work, become husky, fit for war—perhaps for suffering and even for death. Are we not willing to make ourselves fit and strong to live, far from imminent danger? Our daily work must be done better, more quickly, with less loss! Each of us must add to his effectiveness; each must be a man and a quarter, or a man and a half in practical output. It is to help us all to take this job seriously and cheerfully that we are continuing a little series of articles which was commenced in the August, 1918, number. In each article there is a bit of useful information, or fact, or suggestion. Condensed though these paragraphs are there is real food for thought and practice in each one. They are written by Miss Emily Frances Robbins, who was joint author, with Professor Fisher of Yale, of that important report, "The Conservation of Human Life," issued by Congress. Miss Robbins has for some years been associated with the Life Extension Institute.

"Smile! Smile! Smile!"

"They rallied what little strength they had left, and sang, 'Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag'"

IT WAS before the war that a German in this country was trying to analyze the difference in the characters of Germans and Americans. He thought there was a striking superficiality in the American, as evidenced by his love of pleasure. He said, "The German works with a serious aim and ambition, whereas the American is a week-ender; all he thinks of is his good time over Sunday."

The cheerfulness and good humor, which this German misconstrued as superficiality, has been one of the strongest weapons of the Allies. German frightfulness has been obviated, its aims frustrated, and German victory foiled, by the good cheer and optimism of the countries Germany has fought.

The force of cheerfulness in keeping the body alive has been well exemplified by the personal experiences of Pat O'Brien and Gunner Depew, each of whom has written a graphic account of his war adventures. These men exhibited almost superhuman endurance against disease, cruelty and hardship.

Gunner Depew describes how he and a number of other prisoners were paraded through the streets of a German city. The men wore only a few rags as protection against the snow and cold, were emaciated from hunger and privation and cruelty, from long illness, and from serious wounds which were still unhealed. The natives amused themselves by throwing stones and bricks at them, and by spitting on them. Several of the prisoners dropped from exhaustion, whereupon some were kicked to their feet again while others were dragged away and shot. But those who could stand—did they cringe or falter? Not a bit! They rallied what little strength they had left, and sang, "Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag, and smile, smile, smile!"

And all the Germans could see in such a performance was a light headedness among the prisoners.

The Anglo-Saxon sense of humor and adaptability will never be understood by the German race. They profess to despise these traits, as symbols of weakness and superficiality. The truth is they are baffled by them; they render the Anglo-Saxon race unconquerable.

Good cheer and adaptability in a tragic situation, the ability to override real misery and disease and at the same time to smile, are the highest attributes of man. In evolutionary progress, the adaptable animal and the adaptable race are the ones that survive. The man who can force himself to retain his sense of humor and good spirits when he is half-dead from privation or illness is the one most likely to survive. "The merry heart goes all the way; the sad one tires in a mile."

One of the most precious American qualities and one that should be carefully nurtured for the future welfare of the individual American and of the Nation is the ability to "pack up your troubles in your old kit bag, and smile, smile, smile!"

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Why Be Fat?

"Reflected in a large mirror across the room . . . . she suddenly saw herself as she really was"

SHE had bought herself the handsomest dress and hat she could find because she wanted to "look her best" at an evening function in the big hotel. After the masseuse and the beauty specialist had finished with her, she went to the dining-room and ordered the usual "fat woman's" dinner.

While waiting for it, she suddenly caught sight of herself reflected in a large mirror across the room. At that distance, only the gross outlines of the figure were discernible. She suddenly saw herself as she really was—a huge figure, with chin held high to accommodate the layers of fat about the neck.

She was shocked and horrified, and a sudden wave of shame and disgust swept over her. When the waiter came with the food, she ate little of it.

From that day she was in the proper state of mind for doing something. She began dieting, eating only a sufficient quantity of non-greasy, hearty foods to maintain a good physical condition—a small piece of meat once a day or a couple of eggs—but practically eliminating sweets and fats, satisfying further demands of her appetite with fresh vegetables and fruits. She also stopped taking liquids with her meals, drinking between meals all the water she really wanted.

When she felt the old desire for rich food, she ate some delicious big prunes, which satisfied her craving for sweets without being fattening.

She no longer labors or plows along when she walks; she has a free, effortless gait. She does not stifle or swelter in the heat, smothered under a heavy cushion of fat. And with her reduction of flesh from a hundred and eighty-five pounds to a hundred and forty-five (she was five feet six inches in height), she has grown younger in appearance by twenty years.

Home

France has established nurseries where scientific treatment can be given babies and where mothers are always welcome

WHEN men have gone to war and women have entered munition factories and have been forced to leave their babies in the care of strangers the infant death-rate has at once increased

During the first months of the war in France, babies began to die at an alarming rate, which robbed the State of very much needed future citizens and tended to destroy the morale of the civil population by weakening their will to conquer.

France was the first country to conceive the idea that improving the condition of infants was a basic element in national welfare. The mayor of a French town, who was also a doctor, reduced to zero the baby death-rate in his community for a period of ten years, a feat never before performed in the history of vital statistics. Germany saw the value of the idea, stole it from France, and applied it on an extensive scale The French people never extensively utilized their own idea until the war broke out and the infant death-rate suddenly increased.

Accordingly, to replace the loss of home treatment, nurseries for babies were established where scientific treatment could be given them and where the mothers could go at intervals and nurse their infants, to eliminate the necessity of artificial feeding.

Infant health, national welfare, and the upholding of the national morale demand that the homes be kept intact. When disruption, however, cannot possibly be prevented, the babies should be placed where they are accessible to the mothers during the day and night for feeding, and in the meantime have excellent care as to cleanliness, warmth, air and sleep.

"Keep the home fires burning," not only for soldier but for the baby.

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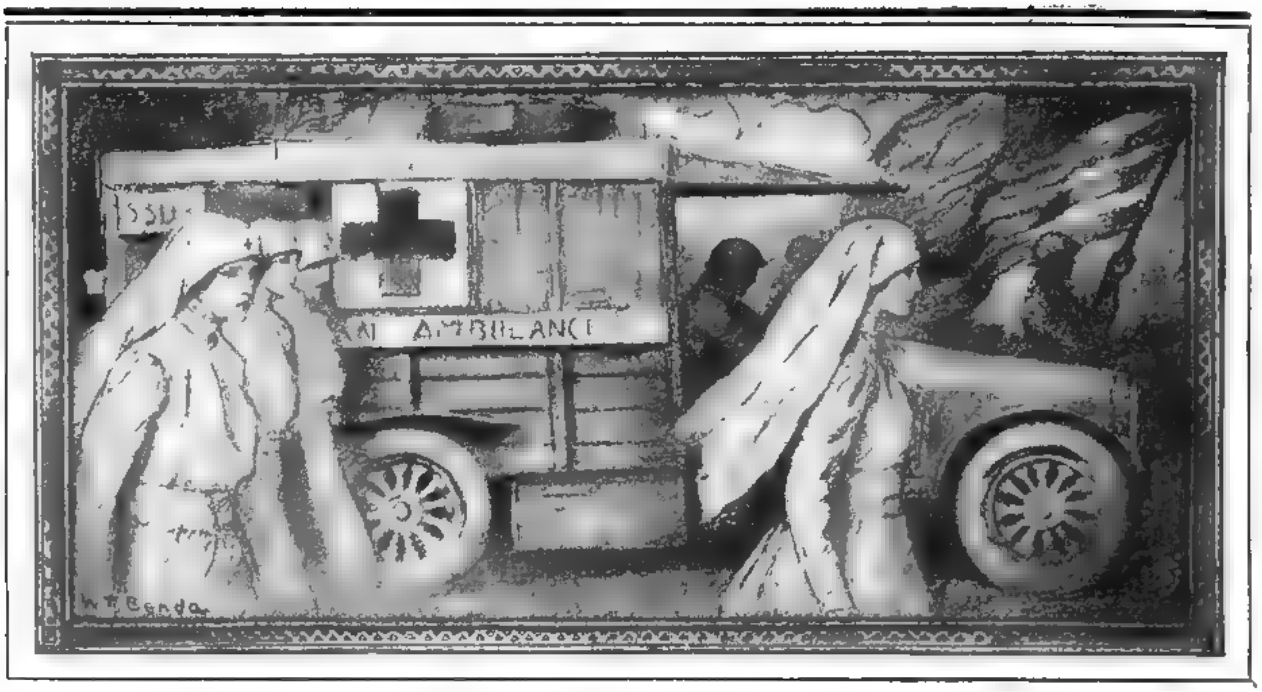

The March of the Red Cross

FOR the Red Cross, as for every family in America, the great drama is being played out to-day in France. America is in the war, killing Germans—and successfully, as the victory along the Marne showed. For us, work with the American wounded has begun in earnest.

Almost every day brings demands for additional Red Cross hospitals. We are building and equipping them out of our stores with all possible speed. In addition to the work of the outposts in the field, the job of feeding the wounded as they come to the field hospitals has devolved upon us, an undertaking of great magnitude. We are not only meeting it but we are enlarging our facilities. In every way, the Medical Corps of the army is being assisted.

In the French hospitals all along the front our searchers are locating and keeping in touch with the American wounded. At the base hospitals, as well as at the emergency ones, we are carrying the full burden of war. Day by day the list of inquiries made and answered by our communication service lengthens. For the missing, the wounded or the prisoner our organization is in action. The first thing for an American prisoner to do, indeed, so the army instructions say, is to send notice to the Red Cross at Berne, in Switzerland, and the Red Cross food parcels and assistance will be immediately forthcoming.

To the wounded we are supplying all manner of delicacies and in most cases at the *Posts de Secours* are renewing their personal belongings, such as safety razor, toothbrush, etc. At many scattered places bombs from the German airplanes are bringing destruction to hospital and personnel. We are in the war in earnest.

Back of the lines in France, meanwhile, the fight continues for the children, for the refugees and for the families of France.

In large industrial centres base dispensaries have been established. From them the Red Cross ambulances go out, carrying doctors and nurses, to chains of villages where clinics are held two or three times a week in factories, town halls and schools. The number of cases treated and towns reached is very large. The underlying idea, of course, is to relieve as much suffering as possible among the women and children who have been deprived of their doctors and hospitals by the imperative needs of the French Army.

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Each unit consists of a physician, an experienced head nurse, one or two nurses' aides, an automobile and a chauffeur. With base dispensaries at Toul, Nancy, Neuf-Maison, Lunéville, Gerbéviller and Epinal, the number of sub-dispensaries is increasing rapidly. As many as eighty children are sometimes taken care of at these clinics, daily. In France we have sixty-one such dispensaries.

At places like St. Malo and St. Lunaire, along the Channel, big summer hotels have been cleaned and the healthy children from the war zone towns have been sent there for the summer. Red Cross doctors are in attendance. Most of these little tots have no clothing, so the Red Cross adds clothing to the diet kitchen and extra food supply from the Red Cross warehouses in Paris. From those warehouses, too, comes the clothing for the many thousands of refugees scattered throughout the seventy-two uninvaded departments of France. In the department of the Loiret alone there are more than twenty-five thousand refugees. In coöperation with the Mayor of Orleans, the Red Cross is working out in this department a plan of industrial rehabilitation which will allow the refugees to produce most of the things they need. Clothing appears to be the only exception. By distributing needed supplies, by money grants to French societies and through emergency relief committees, the Red Cross is reaching nearly five hundred thousand French people to-day.

The campaign of education also proceeds apace. At the Marseilles baby-saving exhibit, similar to the one held at Lyons, more than thirty thousand people attended.

The Red Cross from Venice to Sicily

IN ITALY, too, the Red Cross moves steadily forward. Along the Piave, during the Austrian offensive and defeat last summer, there were four sections of Red Cross ambulances behind the Italian lines, manned by veteran drivers from France and by newcomers from America. The work of loading the wounded was carried on almost between the two opposing armies, as the fortunes of the battle changed. In some instances the men came into direct contact with the Austrians themselves. Many times, after bombs and tear-gas shells had forced the medical corps to abandon outposts, the ambulances continued to carry the wounded. Often shells demolished an advanced post and covered with débris the ambulance beside it, although leaving it unharmed. This kept up day and night during the entire time of the offensive.

Not long after the first ambulance moved, seventeen emergency canteens sprang up behind the lines. Coffee, cigarettes, chocolate and hot food were supplied in endless quantities, some of the supply stations serving three thousand men. Now and then a canteen was moved as positions became untenable. What the Italians thought of the service rendered was expressed gruffly, as the lines of dusty men moved off, with a wave of the hand and a low "*Eviva l'Amerique!*"

One death occurred, that of Lieutenant McKey, who was buried the next day, his grave marked by a plain wooden cross inscribed with his name and rank, like the rows of Italian dead beside him. Throughout the battle, his Italian friends kept fresh flowers on the grave.

Besides the canteens under fire, there were equally busy Red Cross houses in the rear. At one junction where the troops of three Allied armies separated for their sectors, our canteen was flanked by a British transportation bureau, a French postoffice and an Italian cantonment. Northern Italy had already been covered with a network of stores at strategic points with emergency communications marked out, and three hours after the attack came, this mechanism was at work, being directed from Rome.

To-day in Italy, we are beginning our efforts for the American soldier, who is arriving not only from France but direct from America. At an Italian port at present, indeed, Italian soldiers are watching Americans march through the streets. The walls are covered with placards of red: "Citizens! Soldiers from America are arriving on Italian soil. Give them welcome. Acclaim our brothers from the land of Columbus."

In Genoa, in Florence and in Rome we are preparing hospitals for American boys, and many tons of foodstuffs and supplies have been delivered. In a much smaller way, the Red Cross must be prepared to duplicate now in Italy the military organization it has in France. Behind the lines it has already done so.

On the streets of Milan American women are appearing in twos and threes and groups of more. They are on their way from Paris or some French seaport to act as nurses, perhaps in the new Red Cross hospital in Milan or a more distant destination—a city in Sicily, a town in Calabria, often to the coast of Sardinia or to points all over Italy

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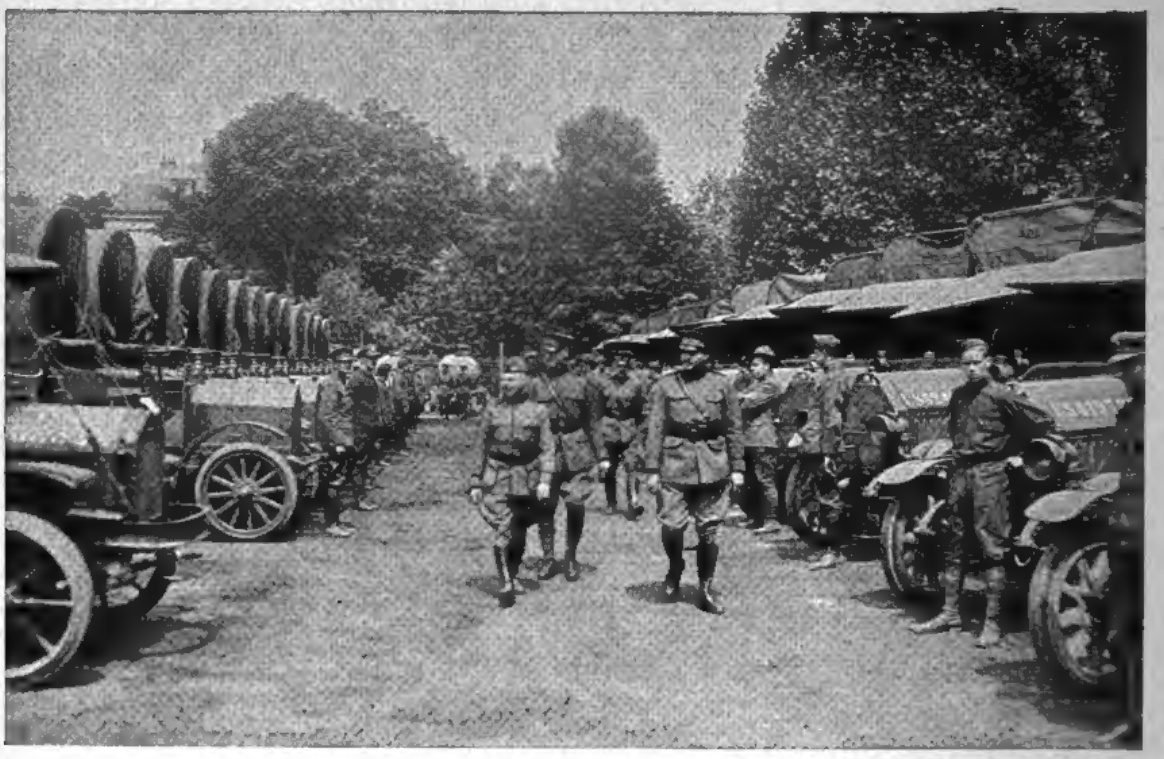

Majors Perkins and Osborne, of the American Red Cross, inspecting Red Cross camions "somewhere in France"

Convalescent soldiers starting for work on a farm in France maintained by the American Red Cross

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The American Red Cross also provides amusements for convalescent soldiers in its various pavilions behind the fighting front

Lately the food-kitchen work in Italy has had to be increased too, particularly in Calabria, where providing food comes before distributing clothing, care of children or providing work for women. In Villa San Giovanni alone there are eight warehouses filled with food from America. Some of the kitchens feed 3,000 a day. Palermo has become a great refugee exchange conducted by the Red Cross. Along the shore at Taormina and near Palermo itself, seaside cure for the children have been opened; in workrooms throughout the city families are being made self-supporting; and once a week or more often at the Teatro Massimo food is sold at extremely nominal prices to deserving soldiers' families. Thousands of Italian children are coming under the care of the Red Cross, in many cases in such a manner that their mothers may work. Perhaps the largest work of this kind which we have undertaken is in Lombardy where, in the rice districts, there are sixteen nurseries, where women who have little children dependent upon them may leave them while they work in the fields. Under the supervision of the Red Cross, many of these places, with forty or fifty children daily, are in direct charge of nuns. At sixteen of these nurseries the little Italian children are fed with American condensed milk and food. The thousands of children in Italy who are being aided by the Red Cross are being gradually provided with good clothing made by Italian women in our own Red Cross workshops.

The Red Cross in Italy must hereafter locate and deliver to the families of Italian soldiers fighting in the American Army the monthly payments from Washington. And more than fourteen thousand such checks arrived in one day recently at the Red Cross headquarters in Rome. One family among those listed was discovered living in a faraway mountain town, inaccessible by any other means than muleback. Within twenty-four hours, nevertheless, the Red Cross man delivered the money via donkey.

From just these few brief paragraphs it is easy to understand why it has been necessary for the Red Cross to appropriate more than twelve million dollars for the Italian budget during the next six months. Italy shall be sustained.

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The Red Cross from Vladivostok to Cape Town

STEADILY, meanwhile, week by week, the work of the Red Cross all over the world broadens both in scope and meaning. Only yesterday, it seems, the Commission for Palestine set sail. To-day, it has passed through South Africa from Capetown to Durban, carrying to the Union of South Africa the message of America at war. Long since, our doctors and nurses have gone to work on the programme laid out for them by the British authorities in Jerusalem.

Particularly happy has been their reception and the inauguration of their work. The work of the Commission was formally begun on July 4th, at an historic ceremony at which General Allenby was the guest of honor, and all the high dignitaries of the British and Allied armies in Palestine were present as well as the heads of the various religious bodies of the Holy Land. "Interdependence Day," was Colonel Finley's happy phrasing of the occasion of America's pledging her aid to cleanse the villages of Palestine, both for the blessing of the children and the enrichment of the lives of those who keep there their spiritual and physical homestead.

The first undertaking of the Red Cross men in Palestine was the cleaning and preparing of their quarters in the ancient city. At present the entire medical staff is at work among a camp of thirty-five hundred refugees near Jerusalem, and in the hospitals of the town. Meanwhile, the shipments of supplies have arrived from Port Said. The motors of the Red Cross entered the Holy Land on flat cars from Egypt!

In Russia, too, despite the fact that the original Commission is still at Moscow, the Red Cross has begun practically a new work, at such widely separated points as Archangel on the White Sea, and Vladivostok, on the Pacific. A ship has been sent with medical supplies for sick and disabled Russian prisoners of war who are returning from Germany. To Vladivostok aid is being rushed to the heroic Czechoslovaks, who are reported engaged in serious fighting around Nibolsk and other points in their efforts to withdraw from Russia and again enter the war against Germany in France. Hospital supplies, medical personnel, and ambulances comprise the first list. Meanwhile, the rest of Russia and Siberia remains in turmoil, filled with suffering which, so far, the Red Cross seems powerless to aid. At Harbin, in Manchuria, however, a beginning has been made. Many refugees are living there in tents and freight cars, their homes having been destroyed by the Bolsheviki. At this place, where the refugees are almost all women and children, we have placed funds in the hands of the American consul, who will alleviate the worst of the suffering.

Palestine and Russia—these are the two new extensions of Red Cross work. Month by month, however, there seem to arise dozens of cases of distress, which are chronicled, listed as relieved, and by the vast majority of people promptly forgotten. Relief for the Greek people around Saloniki, for instance, for which the Red Cross has just given $165,000, is dismissed without further thought. Yet it calls for shipments *every* month of 320 tons of foodstuffs, besides other material. And this is merely one item of the day's work!

This is true not only of the work in Saloniki but it is true of Switzerland, of Serbia—to whom a gift of $50,000 more has just been given—even of England. The stream of supplies to Great Britain, indeed, is growing larger every day as more American soldiers go into camp and to the need for canteens is added the need for hospital houses, for oil stoves, for a thousand footballs, chocolate, flour—in a word for all the thousand and one things that constitute Red Cross work.

Meanwhile a new army has filled the camps and cantonments of America. Here is more work for the Red Cross right in its own country!

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